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BY
JOHN J. H

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WIDENER



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THE QUY
SONNETS

BY
H. J. HAYDEN.

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**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK**

1918



Printed for Private Circulation.

CHEQUY

Sonnets Original and Translated

BY

JOHN J. HAYDEN.

Tempora consumo nugis et inanibus, et sic
Ne pereant, vitæ tempora perdo meæ.
John Owen (Audoenus.)

Si quelqu'un parle par envie
Du petit livre que j'ai fait,
Sans colere, je le supplie
D'en faire un autre plus parfait.
Claude Mermet.

' While Atè hot from hell makes heroes shrink,
"Cries havoc, and lets loose the dogs of ink."
Young's Satires.

HALIFAX:

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1898.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVENT JANSÉN WENDELL
1918

TO THE MEMORY
OF MY OLD FRIEND,
DR. JAMES H. MONKS,
late of 52, Pembroke Road, Dublin,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF
MANY PLEASANT EVENINGS
PASSED BESIDE
HIS EVER HOSPITABLE FIRESIDE.

PREFACE.

THE following verses were for the most part written during the past three years as a diversion from the worry and anxiety incidental to heavy and repeated losses and disappointments. Possibly the candid reader may consider the result even more disastrous than the cause.

The sonnets consist of three divisions: (1) Original; (2) Translations from the French; (3) Translations from the Italian.

The original pieces I shall leave to speak for themselves. Now and again a line has vaguely struck me as being like something or other I had read elsewhere. When I felt sure that it was a quotation I marked it as such, but there are, no doubt, many lines incorrectly quoted and bona fide written as original. I hope that this general statement will absolve me from the charge of, at all events, wilful plagiarism, should it appear that I have given apparent grounds for it.

The sonnets from the Italian are few, and do not call for any special remarks. Perhaps they ought not to have been attempted at all, as my first-hand knowledge of Italian literature is but slight, and whilst the language itself is at a superficial glance an easy one, there are, perhaps, few tongues with so many delicate shades of meaning to appreciate—much more adequately rendered—which calls for greater practical knowledge than I have ever taken an opportunity of acquiring.

The translations from the French, which make up the bulk of the book, cover the whole period of the history of the French Sonnet from the days of its introduction by Clement Marot, Mellin de Saint-Gelais or Pontus de Tyard—from the poets of the Pleiade down to writers still living. Hence I may reasonably hope that many of the sonnets will be new to the English reader.

Some patriotic Frenchmen, like Boulay Paty and Charles Asselineau, have claimed that the sonnet is a native French product, to the extent, at all events, of being born on French soil, and that it was first written by those old Provençal poets, to whom we are indebted for many of the complicated forms—the ballade, the virelai, the villanelle, the rondeau—revived in our own day by Theodore de Banville and others. However, the view that the sonnet came originally from Italy is that upheld by nearly all the leading critics both in France and elsewhere, and is adopted by M. Louis de Veyrières in his "Monographie du Sonnet." From about the time of the opening of the "Grand Siècle" down to the rise of the

Romantic movement in the early twenties of the present century, the sonnet suffered a long and almost entire eclipse. So complete, however, has since been its rehabilitation that it would perhaps be difficult to name any French poet of note during the last three quarters of a century—with the capital exceptions of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Béranger—who has not been in some degree a sonneteer, whilst several, like Edmond Arnould, Boulay-Paty, Josephin Soulay, and José Maria de Hérédia are either wholly, or almost wholly, known for their achievements in this direction. Like the second Lord Thurlow, Sir Egerton Brydges, and Blanco White, Felix Arvers owes a probably permanent fame to a single sonnet. More widely applied than the English, the French Sonnet ranges over every possible subject and over many that one would deem impossible, from the lofty strains of Ronsard and the stately splendour of Hérédia, to the too famous sonnet of Regnard and the "Sonnets Gastronomiques" of Charles Monselet. The Belgian painter Théodore Hannon, and his countryman Georges Eekhoud—the Zola of the Polder and the Campine—have attempted what is variously styled "Realism" and "Naturalism" in this narrow form, but without any very conspicuous success. Indeed the two volumes of verse which Eekhoud has published are hardly worthy of the gloomy but powerful pen that wrote "Kees Doorik," "Kermesses," and "La Nouvelle Carthage." Whilst a great part of the sonnets have been translated directly from the works of the various authors, others have been taken from different anthologies, amongst which I may mention: "Le Parnasse Contemporain," "Le Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique," "Le Parnasse Breton Contemporain," Alfred Delvau's "Les Sonneurs de Sonnets," (an excellent gossiping guide to the whole subject); Fontenelle's (?) "Poètes Français," Crépét's "Poètes Français," Crapelet's "Poètes Français jusqu'à Malherbe," "L'Almanach du Sonnet," "Sonnets de Campagne," Fuster's "Les Poètes du Clocher," "Les Poètes Bretons du XVII^{me} Siècle," etc., etc.

Although the French language is much less widely diffused than the English, it is, it need scarcely be said, spoken much beyond the geographical limits of France itself. Hence a good many of the authors from whose works I have attempted translations are—in many cases, of course, *were* is the word—not Frenchmen by birth, and sometimes not even by race. Thus Georges Rodenbach, André Van Hasselt, Paul Berlier, Emile Van Arembergh, Albert Giraud, and Emile Verhaeren, are (or were) Belgians; Alice de Chambrier of Neufchâtel was Swiss; Louis Frechette, of Quebec, is a Canadian; Leconte de Lisle was a native of the Ile de Bourbon (Reunion); and José Maria de Heredia is a Cuban.

In translating I have, as a rule, aimed at reproducing the spirit rather than the letter, albeit when I could, with reason—and rhyme—combine both, I have endeavoured to do so. Diderot's standard is one which every translator ought to keep in view. In his remarks on Terence he tells us that the best translation is that, the effect of which, on the reader's mind, most closely approximates that produced by the original. From the variations of force, genius, and idiom in different languages, it is obvious that such a version is often very far indeed from being a literal one.

I am well aware that in the ensuing pages I have repeatedly violated every law of the strict sonnet—save and except the fourteen-line rule. In extenuation I can only say, that occasionally at all events my originals have set me the example—be it good or bad. Thus the four sonnets of Georges Rodenbach are all “sonnets libres.”

One thing at all events, I hope I have attained—clearness—a humble quality mayhap, yet one none too common in much of our latter-day verse. Fontenelle once said to a friend who was congratulating him on his perspicuity: “I have always tried to understand myself.” All proportion preserved, I hope I may make the same remark. If I am shallow I have, at all events, not tried to attain a false appearance of depth by being obscure. I deliberately prefer to be frankly commonplace.

DUBLIN,
APRIL, 1898.

SONNETS.

CÆSAR.

The black-eyed Roman, with
The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er
Beheld a conqueror, or looked along
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became
His and all theirs who heir'd his very name.—*Byron.*

ABOVE the crowd of common conquerors high,
Down Time's broad vista tow'rs that laurell'd head;
Though twenty centuries their suns have shed
Around it, not one leaf they've doomed to die.

All arts were his—to steer the Ship of State,
To form and lead the legions to the field,
Deftly the pen e'en as the sword to wield,
To rouse, calm, guide, "the eddies of debate."

Firm, courteous, calm, he'd early learnt to rule
The world, by ruling self with iron will;
On Rome he stamped the seal that civic ill
Could not efface, not monster, knave, nor fool.

Alone he stands—none followed, none foreran,
Rome's noblest citizen and greatest man.

AUGUSTUS.

Custode rerum Cæsare non furor
Civilis aut vis exiget otium,
Non ira quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes.

Horace Lib. IV. Carm. XV.

CALM the smooth brow becrowned by golden hair,
Keen, but not cruel, that clear cameo face,
Of devastating passions not a trace!
Life's storms have passed, but left no ruins there.
Full-orbed repose the stamp his features wear;
Predestined winner in the Empire-race,
Tranquil he rests, once won his rightful place—
So Art, so Story show us Cæsar's heir.

Howe'er he mounted to the Car of Pow'r,
Who held the rein with such firm, gentle hand?
A Prince, ungirt with aught of princely show,
He gave the weary world one sunny hour,
And Peace and Plenty through each smiling land,
Hail'd him dead Freedom's heir, not living Freedom's foe.

BELISARIUS.

HE came—not when the Empire's pulse beat fast
With Youth and Hope, but when her pow'r declined
Had left her but a gaudy, hollow rind,
Sapless and dry—mere phantom of her Past.

He saw—a spell he round about her cast,
The spell of Genius stirring as the wind,
Once more the Eagle soared, far, unconfined,
Once more the Triumph through the city passed.

He conquered—Cæsar's puny, paltry heir
Raised on his shield, seemed Cæsar's self once more,
Goth, Persian, Vandal, sank his sword before—
He won a laurel wreath for every hair.

Too well he served a jealous despot's pride,
In poverty and want, the last great Roman died !

ANTINOUS.

“ Upon your beauteous face of sculptured glory,
A heritage that Time shall ne'er destroy,
I read your mournful and pathetic story,
O blithe Bithynian boy.”—*Clinton Scollard.*

HE stands before us, the devoted boy
Whom Hadrian loved ; his sadly joyous face
Appears dark Nile's mysterious course to trace
With musing eye—resolved yet instinct-coy.

'Tis hard Youth's bursting blossom to destroy,
And most when all is glorious strength and grace
Life-panting, like the athletic for the race,
But Friendship calls, and sacrifice is joy !

Who was he ? Some short lines are all that tell
Of him who loved th' Imperial sage too well ;
Art—writ his story Empires shall outlast,
As gazing on Time's river's darkling flow,
He pauses, ere love-launched, his young life go
To join the voiceless Future to the Past.

HANNIBAL, AT THE COLLINE GATE.

IN the Campagna broad he pitched his tent,
And there with eager eyes at length he saw
The hated city—hated yet with awe—
The city for whose fall his life he'd spent.

Far round, his veteran host expectant lay—
The swarthy Moor, the Spaniard's tameless pride,
The tribes of Italy from far and wide
Gather'd to beard the hard-press'd wolf at bay.
From her sev'n hills Rome watch'd nor felt a fear,
Calm heard the wild barbaric cymbals clāsh,
Nor blenched when—foiled—like very lightning flash,
The Dread One through her gate flung far his spear.
Like snow the Afric hosts passed quietly,
While Rome looked calmly down the files of Destiny.

THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

THEY found him 'midst the thickest of the slain :
The gold and scarlet buskins only told
That he who lay there, bloodstained, gashed, and cold,
Emperor, Imperially closed life and reign.

The Sultan spake : " Well fought he, though in vain !
A soldier's grave his honoured corse shall hold,
And there for ever as Time waxes old,
A lamp shall burn o'er onc who knew no stain."

Beneath a marble slab his ashes lie,
Nor name, nor emblem marks his place of rest ;
Silence is sometimes speechful, and 'tis best
That glorious memories speak silently.

Above his tomb a grey-green willow weeps,
And the last Cæsar so 'neath Sorrow's shadow sleeps.

CATULLUS.

Two thousand years ago in dainty strain,
Our perfumed dandy Lesbia's sparrow sung,
O'er sweet calm Sirmio enraptured hung,
And wept a brother dead far o'er the main.

The eagles flew from Syria to Spain ;
Rome, old in glory, still in strength was young,
Men toiled, loved, wrote, and warred with sword and
tongue.

And Fortune's rose bloomed red 'neath Cæsar's reign.

All gone ! the Cæsars mouldered back to dust !
The Sev'n-hilled City Empire long has left
Statesman and Soldier ?—view each battered bust,
And guess the name Oblivion's hand has reft !

Then mark o'er Time's black river's sullen flow,
A lute that sang true love two thousand years ago !

OLD ENGLAND.

FAIR, fair thou art, thou old historic land,
Though tropic splendours spangle not thy breast,
Though thine be not the vastness of that West
Whose mighty mounts and rivers speechless stand
No echoes answering from the Spirit Strand :
Sweet thy small lakes and streams, that golden vest
Of swaying corn by softest winds caress'd,
Than thy green fields no lovelier eye hath scanned.
Thy farmsteads white, tall castles, ancient halls,
Thy graveyards green, where sifted sunlight falls
On moss-grown tombs, thy grey cathedrals vast,
Thy ruined abbeys—everything recalls
Some blazoned tale—Time's light on Nature cast,
A wreath of immortelles culled from the deathless Past.

THE RECORD REIGN.

THE record reign ! For sixty circling years
One hand has swayed the sceptre ; few remain
Who saw the Ship of State set out again,
Or caught the chorus of those bye-gone cheers.
Watching her shining wake, how strange appears
Her record ! Mighty cities deck the main
Where then were deserts ; legislatures reign
Where then the savage flung his hunting-spears.
Empires have risen, flourished, fall'n away,
Art, Letters, Trade, have changed, rechanged their
course,
And the young century—grown old and grey—
Shudders at winds' and billows' gath'ring force ;
But still the same hand at the vessel's wheel
Steers out to sea the good ship "Commonweal."

GRASMERE.

THE evening sun paused on th' horizon's brim,
Flooding the still small vale with soft green light ;
Ere yet he yielded to approaching night,
Full-orbed he smiled unveiled by shadows dim.
Dusty and tired, to rest each weary limb
I sat me silent on a grassy bank,
And for some moments dreamily I drank
Athirst, the tranquil beauty of the sight.

White cottages peeped out 'midst ancient trees
Whose length'ning shadows barred the velvet sward,
Whilst mirror-like, unvisited by lightest breeze,
The lakelet lay by not a ripple marred,
And dying day seemed longer lingering there,
Reluctant to the shades to yield a scene so fair.

Ambleside, September 1894.

RYDAL VALE FROM NAB SCAR.

How death-like still the night! No sound one hears;
Pale ghost-like gleams the grass, the while afar
Attended solely by one sentry-star,
A wat'ry crescent vast the moon appears.
Above the shadowy fells her path she steers,
And cleaving space like some huge scimitar,
Just on the furthest mountain peak her car
Rests, ere space-launched it o'er the skies careers.

The ribband of the road down yonder hill
Gleams yellow 'gainst the silver of the grass,
Dark shadows fast the little valley fill,
Save where sweet Rydal swims—a sea of glass:
The scene to show would task a Wordsworth's quill,
Still record faint—let this poor picture pass!

Lakeside, Windermere, September 1894.

CANTERBURY FROM HARBLEDOWN.

A MODERN palmer here I stand at last!
Lit by the noontide sun, a sea of gold
The sacred city lies beneath me rolled,
By sun and story haloes round her cast.
Through the green fields yon yellow ribband pass'd—
The road that Chaucer's pilgrims trod of old!
Yon is the hoary Westgate "battled bold,"
And further yet the great Cathedral—vast
As some huge warship in an ocean green;
Rise tow'r and buttress, and tall gilded vane,
Above the city with protective mien
Of solemn pride, that fits their storied reign—
Whilst long-ranged windows flashing back are seen
The summer sun from many a tinted pane.

Canterbury, March 1891.

SHOTTERY.

A LITTLE cottage bower'd by creepers green,
Set 'mid tall trees, bright fields and hedgerows, where
Breath of sweet wild flow'rs scents the summer air,
And slow sleek cattle on the sward are seen
Browsing or couchant with grave, gentle mien ;
The sound of church-bells the light breezes bear
But serves to mark the stillness brooding there,
Where—save the wild bee—stirreth nought I ween.
A little cottage—simple, clean, and neat—
Its floor we tread with slow-paced, rev'rent feet—
'Twas trod by him whose young fame ne'er grows grey,
For Time and he own one cœval day.
Down yon green lane where noon's light shadows fleet,
Will Shakespeare came to court Anne Hathaway.

Stratford-on-Avon, Easter 1886.

WARWICK CASTLE.

Proudest pile in all the land,
There doth Warwick Castle stand,
With its tow'rs so grey and grand,
Looking down
On the ripple and the flash,
Woods of elm and oak and ash,
And the town.

Mortimer Collins.

I STAND upon the garden-steps—behind
'Gainst the blue sky rise Warwick's turrets, grey
As when the Neville in their halls held sway,
Green ivy, greener memories round them twined.

Below me silver Avon's wanderings wind
Shaded, or sparkling 'neath the sunlight gay ;
From bed to bed bright gaudy insects play,
Scarce is the sky by lightest reeflets lined.

Green, glorious green, by sunshine shot to gold,
Yon grand old park where woodland monarchs blend
Their pleasant shade with emerald seas unrolled,
Till the horizon ring the prospect end.

No sound from Avon's softly swirling wave,
Here Hist'ry shrined has sure befitting grave !

Warwick, Easter Monday 1886.

BURGHLEY HOUSE.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House by Stamford Town.

Tennyson.

HOME of the Cecils! 'twas a wintry day
When winding down the pathway through the park,
For the first time far off mine eye did mark
Thy mighty mass reflected bleak and grey
Against the snow, scarce lit by steely ray
Shot grudging from a sky, cold, stern, and dark;
Thy long ranged blazing windows, each a spark
Thy spire, and columned chimneys round that lay.

Thy gorgeous chambers boast baronial state,
The splendours thine on rank and wealth that wait,
Thy pictured walls with lord and lady shine,
Yet fairer none than that sweet peasant girl,
Who won and wed unwittingly, thine Earl—
One violet 'midst the roses of thy line.

Stamford, March 1892.

EDEN HALL.

"Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight!
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight!
Farewell the Luck of Eden Hall!"

Wiffen.

FAIR is the summer's eve, and richly glows
The noble hall still isled in golden light,
It looks far down the valley where the night
O'er the tall trees her gathering shadow throws.
The frightened deer scud from me—louder grows
The cawing of the rooks in homeward flight—
All else is still—the grass shines silver white,
Nor yet a breeze amid the brushwood blows.

The grey old church where many a Musgrave sleeps,
Seems brooding solemn o'er the years gone by,
Still watch and ward the living Present keeps,
Inheretrix of storied Memory—
Far be the day the Luck be doomed to fall,
Long may the Musgrave reign in stately Eden Hall!

Penrith, August 1894.

ON LAMBAY ISLAND.

SLOW sank the red sun on the silent sea,
A fiery pathway o'er the waters led
To where, as though Heav'n's gates were openèd,
Paused earth's great Pilgrim from his task set free;
Light puffs of wind blew landward momentarily,
From the crag's shadow sailed—white wings outspread—
A gull low skimming o'er the waters red,
Dimpled as angels trod invisibly.

Sheer fell the cliffs right down to ocean's edge,
Their golden brown suffused to rosy pink,
From top to bottom might a plumb-line sink,
Plunge in the glassy depths, nor meet a ledge;
In solemn stillness as the sunlight died—
Silv'ring the deep sailed up the moon's chaste pride.

Lambay Island, Dublin Bay, Aug. 1881.

ON THE SEA-WALL.

THE band's last ling'ring notes have died away;
The crowds disperse—this way and that they go—
Chatter, and laugh, and push, and whisper low,
As each one hastens on his separate way.
Beneath, the ocean rolls his dark array—
'Mid crash of rattling shingle—rhythmic, slow
The swinging waves in gathering anger throw
Against the wall's firm base, their squadrons grey.

But now upon th' horizon's edge afar,
The pale moon rises slowly into sight,
And mounts her throne begirt by many a star,
And floods the billows with her fairy light,
Till ev'ry trait of the familiar scene,
Shines kissed to Beauty by Nights' peerless queen.

Bray, Co. Wicklow, August 1887.

ABDERRAHMEN III.

'Twas in his gorgeous palace Al-Zohar
The Caliph walked with Ayoub by his side,
Whilst cool re-echoed through those halls of pride,
Soft splash of silver fountains from afar.

The Caliph spoke : For fifty years my star
Has shone o'er Spain as shone none else beside,
Peace has been mine, Prosperity my bride,
No foe is left to tempt my scimeter.

Art, Learning, Commerce flourish 'neath my sway,
Loved of my people have I ever been,
My childrens' childrens' children round me play,
Fame, Love, and Fate have changeless smiled serene ;
Yet looking back to years long passed away,
I find my happy days were—just fourteen !

EARTH-RISE FROM THE MOON.

*(Suggested by the picture of Philip Burne-Jones in the
New Gallery, 1891.)*

DEAD ! desolate ! The sunlight's blinding glare
To which Earth's tropic heat were polar frost,
Burns, crag, crust, crater in confusion tost,
Nor weed, nor sod, nor water anywhere,
Nor one sweet breath of soft attempered air !
Sight in vast depths of oceans dry is lost,
By blackest shadows all the prospect crost—
Dead, stifling, stunning silence everywhere !

Anon the Earth—Moon floods the ruined star,
Flinging her green, unfiltered, ghastly light
On huge stript crags, once grassy, dew-empared ;
Yes, here once Life spread hallowed wings afar,
Here beings lived, laughed seas and rivers bright,
Fields, mounts, woods, towns in this long blasted world !

SHAKSPEARE.

A COMMON life ! A wild, ungoverned youth,
Rash marriage, poverty, and then he fled
Like thousand lads each passing year in sooth
To wider spheres, to fight the fight for bread.
Time flies. Long since he cut his wisdom-tooth,
The gain—thirst lives though Folly's dreams are dead,
And—weighty citizen—our boy uncouth
Comes back with gold-stuffed purse and silvered head.

A common life ! but ah ! how richly lined !
All times thought-travelled, all conditions known,
Life's problems weighed, Life's lore,—gold thrice refined—
Writ on such tablets as by Moses shown ;
So, looking down his drama—tales unfurled,
We sum in one word "Shakspeare"—Nature, Man, the
World !

THE IRON DUKE.

Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

Tennyson.

"That not ambition's lures, nor wounded pride,
Nor malice of unjust rebuke,
From honour's instant path could turn aside
One foot-mark of the Iron Duke."

Sir Francis H. Doyle.

A STERN, grey nature, hard but ^{bright} true as steel,
Duty his star through good and ill report,
No force could frighten, as no wile could thwart,
His calm resolve to work his country's weal.
By eloquence unsilver'd was his tongue,
His words few, forceful, ev'ry phrase well-weighed,
No lime-light glamour round his periods played,
But when he spoke how true his accents rung !

When danger round his soldiers angry rolled,
They fought and feared not—was the Duke not nigh?
What peril shook that voice clear, calm, and cold?
When missed its mark that piercing steel-grey eye?
Integrity unstained—life duty-spent—
Richer there are, but where's a whiter monument ?

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS.

A Low, faint murmur through the silent night !
Nearer ! it grows a sullen gathering roar,
Like some huge wave that leaping in ashore
Uncoils in rising rage its pondrous might.
A shrieking whistle wild with mad affright
Bids clear the way—it shriller comes once more,
Then shakes the house—the lamp-flame quivers sore,
The storm screams by—faint—fainter—stillness quite.

So have they passed—young, middle-aged, and old,
Life's hope-gilt dawn, dim twilight, midday glare,
The joyous lad, the silvered head of care—
Love, hate, ambition, hearts with greed grown cold—
Life's microcosm has flashed but now this way—
Fate cuts the binding-string with yonder dawning day.

THE TENANTS OF THE HEART.

THE Heart's a house, wherein year following year,
For longer some, and some for shorter stay,
From rosy Youth till Eld's spent head is grey,
Fresh tenants ever thronging still appear.

As giddy Childhood's fancy-vapours clear,
Comes laughing Hope all silk and tinsel gay ;
She ages fast, dons first more grave array—
Her lease is up and her successor here.

Stern Duty 'tis—fast-fixed his iron eye—
On bold Ambition, or fierce Thirst of Gain,
Or sobered Love—sans wing or golden bow—
When fissured, crumbling all the chambers lie,
Come sombre tenants—Grief for long ago,
Envy, Life-weariness, Remorse, and stolid Pain.

THE STRAD.

That plain white-aproned man who stood at work,
Patient and accurate full four score years.

George Eliot.

LONG ages back in old Cremona's town,
With cunning hand my frame the master made ;
What loving care to ev'ry part he paid
Till I lay finished, varnished, fresh and brown !
"Go, little waif," he cried, "win wide renown !
In thee the Princess Music—royal maid—
Lies sleeping, nor shall Time her beauties fade,
The Artist-Prince shall wake her—share her crown !"

Where is my dear old master ? passed away,
He lives but in his second life of fame ;
Grateful his memory may I still prolong !
As down the centuries I've ta'en my way
I've hung new wreaths round many a laurell'd name,
And to true artist-touch still yield my silver song.

TO PATTERN.

Le bon sens de bien des gens n'est que de l'intelligence en retard.—

Philippe Gerfaut.

*L'Opinion est la Reine du Monde par ce que la Sottise est la
Reine des sots.—Chamfort.*

HE's "most respectable," nay, "so genteel !"
His character's uncrumpled as his shirt,
At least it seems so, nor should prying zeal
Hint kid-gloved hands can dabble in the dirt !
Nor fair, nor foul his strictly average face,
On current topics his "the proper view,"
For ev'rything he thinks "there's time and place,"
Pray don't upset him by aught bold or new.
His model coat is like his model mind,
Each marks the mode each meets a steady sale,
He loves "Society," i.e. the rind
For Shakspeare next a new-hatched knight would pale.
Poor wave-worn pebble of an epoch's close !
Born was he ? or machine-made at per gross ?

MENUET DE LA COUR.

Allons composer des menuets pour la Redoute de Prague—

Grimm "Le Petit Prophete de Bohemisbroda."

SWIMMING and sweet the measured music falls
Like vague soft passing of long languid dreams
Dreamt on some summer noontide by a stream's
Low lapsing laugh of little waterfalls.
Shot silks, brocades, and velvet's softer sheen.
Perukes and red-heeled shoes.—with lordly grace
Count, duke, and marquis bow, and turn and pace
Those rouged, patched, powdered dames of stately mien.
Great gilded glasses, ceilings coved where glow
Some brilliant pastorals from Boucher's hand,
O'er silver candelabras wax-lights throw
White light, like streams by silver sunlight spanned,
Whilst twining all things in its trailing time,
The old court-music rolls in rhythmic chime.

FERALIA.

WITH years sad Memory grows a grave-yard vast
Where hopes, beliefs, joys, sorrows, buried lie—
Green daisied mounds for dreams that Youth saw die,
Tall tombs where Manhood stern has sobbed aghast.
Here death-dark cypresses deep shadows cast—
Trees whose black boughs as evening winds go by,
Make moan and mutter many a shuddering sigh,
And strew sere leaves above the coffin'd Past.

By night as here we take our lonely way,
And dimly mark each spectre-looming stone,
Strange corpse lights seem all round the place to play,
Weird ghosts of shapes that brighter days have known;
They flicker far o'er many a heaving mound—
If Death can hallow sure is Memory's sacred ground!

THE SPHYNX.

THE red sun rising o'er the desert sea
Tints, warms, and bathes thee in his glowing gold,
All day as hour by passing hour is tolled,
Outgazing him thou starest stonily,
Till on the barren sands down slanting low,
His vanquished beams yet faint and fainter fall,
Then on the desert's edge he stands; the pall
Of night rolls down, and stars above thee show.

And thus for countless ages hath it been—
Morn, noon, and night to years have rolled away,
Kings, races, dynasties, an instant seen
Are seen no more, and Time himself grows grey ;
But still thou gazest towards the years to be
Asking thine unread riddle—"Time ? Eternity ?"

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

ALONE the Spaniard reached the grassy height,
Then speechless paused ; beneath him calmly rolled
A mighty ocean's shimmering waves of gold,
A red sun sinking in mysterious night.

Unruffled by a breeze far, far it spread,
No bark its broad, bright, virgin bosom ploughed,
Its glorious beauty but to Nature vowed,
Save when some white-winged sea-bird o'er it sped.

No white man's eye had looked upon its face,
Till he—bold bronzed adventurer had heard
Vague hints of it, had thousand perils dared
That he and it in Fame should fill one place.
His comrades gather round, and whilst they kneel,
He draws his sword and claims all for God and Castille !

INTO THE NIGHT.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Tennyson.

ON some rich Autumn's eve we watch the trees,
Their golden leafage trembling yet unshed,
While silent as it stirred not, onward flees
Th' unrippled river's bosom burnished red.
No stir is in the air ; Time seems to stand,
And weary Nature seems to pause before
She draws night's curtain with reluctant hand,
Surveying sad the day that is no more.
So in Life's redd'ning eve we turn us back
One long last look o'er scenes beloved to cast,
Ere night close round us on our dark'ning track,
We quaff once more the cordial of the Past,
And grave and yearningly our eyes we turn,
Too sad for tears, to times that never can return !

HALLALI !

SHE leans against the marble balustrade—
Her sable hood whence strays one silver hair,
A pale, sad, deep-lined countenance doth shade—
No sound upon the stirless Autumn air.
In yon great lake where giant lilies ride,
Two swans are sailing slowly up and down,
Pale sunlight tints the turrets in their pride,—
A pigeon perched on one tall tile-capped crown.
Sudden across a vista of the park
Bounds a great stag—the dogs are now in view,
The hunters now ! and, loudly ringing, hark !
The horn ! It fades—dies—all is still anew !
The countless sighs—she dreams in evening's light
She sees her youth arise, flash by, and fade from sight !

II.

TO HELENE.

(*Pierre de Ronsard, 1524—1585.*)

WHEN you are old, and by the candle's flame
Spinning at night, beside your fire you sit,
You'll marv'ling say, and chant some verse I writ,
"Me Ronsard sung too—once a lovely dame."

Then not a servant—knowing well my fame—
Though toil-worn, sunk in drowsy slumber-fit,
But, at your words, shall wake with eye relit,
And with immortal honour bless your name.

I shall be 'neath the sod, an airy shade
Under the myrtle branches sleeping laid,
Whilst by your hearth you crouch a beldame old,

Mourning my love, your arrogant disdain ;
Then live, and trust me, that delays are vain,
Life's roses pluck 'mid morn-tide's tints of gold.

TO HIS BOOK.

(*Pierre de Ronsard.*)

GRIEVE not my book : 'tis not in Fate's decree
That whilst I live of Fame thou gain a gleam ;
And till I've crossed black Styx's verge extreme
The honour due shall not be paid to thee.
But pass a thousand years ! some pilgrim see
Who'd quaff my Loire as 'twere Permessus stream,
And, seen my native place, will scarce esteem
How born such bard in such small spot could be.

Take heart my book : for such is Virtue's fate,
When living hated, and of poor estate,
But once being gone, a very god enrolled.
Rancour in living merit sheathes her sting,
But on the dead she has no longer hold,—
Unenvied honours those the ages bring.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

(Pierre de Ronsard.)

As on the branch one sees the rose of May
In its fair youth, in its first opening flow'r,
Make Heav'n's self jealous of its glowing pow'r,
Tear-dew-drop-diamonded at dawn of day ;

Close in its leaves sleep Loves and Graces gay,
Breathing sweet fragrance over bed and bow'r,
But, beat by rain or midday's torrid hour,
Leaf after leaf laid bare—it dies away.

So in first freshness of thine early youth,
When Earth and Heav'n thy beauty bless'd in sooth,
Fate smote, and dust thy lovely form reposes.

For obsequies receive a tear, a sigh.
This vase of milk, this basket flow'r-heaped-high,
That, dead as living, thou may'st all be roses.

SONNET.

(Joachim du Bellay, 1524—1560.)

BLEST who, Ulysses-like, his wand'rings o'er,
Or like to him who won the fleece of gold,
Returns in wisdom and experience old,
To dwell 'mid kinsfolk on his native shore.

Ah ! when shall these tired eyes with exile sore
My little hamlet's curling smoke behold,
My humble house when their glad gaze enfold ?
My home—to me a province and much more.

Far dearer to my sight my father's home,
Than all the haughty palaces of Rome,—
Its small slate roofs than marble's cold hard sheen,
Mine own French Loire than Tiber seems more fine,
My little Lirè than the Palatine,
Sweet Anjou's zephyrs than the sea-breeze keen.

SONNET.

(*Joachim du Bellay.*)

How happy he who spends his blameless days
'Mid equals ! whom no vain pretences tire,
Sans fear, sans envy, sans ambition dire
His lowly home in peace secure he sways !
The wretched thirst of gain—devouring blaze—
Ne'er goads his free-born wishes to aspire ;
His utmost aim—a passionless desire—
Beyond his little homestead never strays.
He mingles not in other mens' affairs,
Upon himself depends in all his cares,
Court, king, lord, favour, to himself is he.
His fortune wastes he not in climes afar,
For others risks he not his life in war,
And richer than he is, would never be.

SONNET.

(*Jacques Tahureau, 1527—1557.*)

THE dewy night becrowned her dusky head
With stars far-scattered o'er the sparkling skies,
And, balm soft, on man's outwearied eyes
Day's harsh toils done—a calm, sweet slumber spread ;
From field to field the chirping cricket sped,
Sharp, strident with its irritating cries,
O'er the dark forest—pallid gold her guise—
A wan sad light the moon heav'n-treading shed ;
When lo ! from off her steed I saw her spring,
My sweetheart ! round my neck her arms to fling,
Caressing kind with many a honeyed kiss ;
Henceforth than Day I'll hold more dear the Night,
I'll love the shade far better than the light,
Since it has filled me with such amorous bliss !

TO SALOMON CERTON.

(*Rémy Belleau, 1521—1577.*)

As at the dawn the maiden leaves her rest,
And to her garden lonely doth repair,
To cull the fairest buds to deck her breast,
And weave a garland for her curling hair :

As in the Spring—thronged troops on wingèd quest—
The humming bees when suns and skies are fair,
Hasten from flow'r to flow'r with tireless zest,
That home best store of honey they may bear;
So you go culling through the Muses' bow'rs,
With busy hand the fairest blooming flow'rs,
That for your head a chaplet you may frame;
A hundred sacred laurels which may show,
The hundred learned subjects which you know,
As deep and full as fits your famous name.

SONNET.

(*Olivier de Magny, 1560 ?*) 1529-1561.

WHAT love I in the Spring be first my theme :
I love the scent of pink, and thyme, and rose,
I love to rhyme, to rise when day-break shows,
And, with the birds, my sweetheart sing supreme.
I love in Summer, when the heat's extreme,
To press her breast, her lip that coral glows,
To make a rustic feast sans pomp or pose,
No meat—but fruits and strawberries and cream.
When Autumn comes and nigher creeps the cold,
Chestnuts I love, good wine too sound and old,
My cosy fireside then has wond'rous charms;
In Winter keep I house with best of reason,
Save perhaps at night, and masked, but in that season,
Most love I sleeping in my angel's arms.

SONNET.

(*Louise Labé, surnamed "La Belle Cordière," 1526—1566.*)

WHILST still mine eyes can shed a single tear,
For happy days with thee to show regret,
And whilst, all rising sighs resisting yet,
My feeble voice can reach a human ear;
Whilst still my hand can touch the chords so clear
Of the sweet lute, in song thy charms to set,—
And whilst my soul's contented to forget
All else save understanding thee, my dear;
So long do I desire I may not die :
But when I feel mine eyes grow dim and dry,
Broken my voice, and powerless quite my hand,
And when my soul in this its house of clay,
No sign of loving thee may more command,
Then I'll beg Death to hurry me from Day.

SONNET.

(*Philippe Desportes, 1546—1606.*)

AH! well I read each sugared word you say,
Veiled look, and honeyed smile which all admire,
No need search whither your fond hopes aspire,
You count my ducats—hence this pretty play!
I tell my years—Tithonus's are told—
Henceforth I'm but a corpse though I respire;
And yet your heart *my* soul would stir to fire!
You're sad forsooth, and Heav'n you chide as cold!
A fool that painter—love sure made him sick,
Who Cupid limned—a child sans wile or trick,
With bow and arrows whilst he naked stands;
He should for quiver bear a well-fill'd purse,
Be clad in tinsel, whilst he should disburse
Pearls, diamonds, rubies red with lavish hands.

SONNET.

(*Philippe Desportes.*)

HERE Icarus dropped audacious in the wave,
Who dared to track the pathway of the Sun,
Here fell his corse by faithless wings undone,—
All gallant hearts will envy fall and grave!
O lofty effort of a spirit brave,
Which won great gain at such a trifling cost!
Lucky misfortune which, brief life being lost,
The vanquished over Time the vict'ry gave.
His strange emprise the boy unfrighted viewed,
Though pow'r he lacked, he lacked not hardihood,
From the Sun's self, he met his splendid doom;
He died pursuing an adventure great,
Heav'n was his aim, the ocean was his fate:
What nobler object, or what grander tomb?

ADIEUX TO AVIGNON.

(*"Jean de Schelandre," i.e. Daniel D'Anchères—1586.*)

ADIEU! fair rock upon whose summit high
Two haughty palaces in grandeur gleam,
Adieu! fair bridge, adieu! fair flowing stream,
Fair walls, fair tow'rs, fair circling moat good-bye!
City farewell! scant skill, alas! have I
Your fame to sing, unworthy of such theme;
Nobles and warriors of France the cream,
Farewell, and friends who saw my toils gone by.

Farewell ye ballets, dances, masquerades,
Farewell, ye also, troop of laughing maids,
Whose bright eyes hence have darkness driv'n away ;

And last farewell, harsh beauty whose hard frown,
Has sent me sorrow-stricken from a town,
Where long your honeyed smiles had made me stay.

SONNET.

(Jean-Baptiste-Chassignet, 1578—about 1620.)

SIT down beside a running stream some day—
You'll see it flow in an unceasing tide,
As waves in countless waves confounded glide,
O'er the broad meads it rolls and rolls away.

But yet you'll ne'er see twice—look whilst you may—
The waves once seen ; they haste and never bide,
Although to all one name is still applied,
As if unchanged the waters beld their way.

So **M**an too changes, and to-morrow's sun
Shall shining shine on each a diff'rent one ;
So **T**ime our strength slow saps and brings to shame.

One name escorts us to the gates of death,
And though I'm not the same who drew his breath
But yesterday, I bear the self-same name.

SONNET.

(Etienne de La Boétie, 1530—1563.)

ALL day, thirst-smitten by the burning heat,
The corn has yellowed 'neath the sun's fierce glare,
Now he retires, we seek the cool fresh air
Margot and I, to pass the evening sweet.

We follow through the woods some path discreet,
Love walks before, and after him we fare,
Should the green groves too sombre aspect wear,
Down to the meads we stroll with sauntering feet.

Unanxious thus our even days we link,
Of kings, and courts, and towns we never think,
Médoc, my own lone, wild, and lovely clime !

Thee not one spot on earth I prize above ;
Far from the world, thou winn'st the more my love,
Here last we learn the troubles of our time.

SONNET.

(*Francois Le Poulchre, 1545—about 1597.*)

DULY the Church to visit day by day,
To have Mass said, and most devotedly
To follow it on either bended knee ;
'Tis a good work—that shall I not gainsay,
With grief and candour clear one's sins to say,
To fast each vigil, and give copiously
Unto the poor, that nourished they may be,
I'll dare assert—'tis a most fair display.
Madame, all this you do : yet dream 'twere still
To fancy thus you'll 'scape eternal ill,
Halt not, I pray you, at a middle goal.
To go to Paradise, the certain plan,
Is to give back his own to ev'ry man ;
Give back my heart then, and you save your soul !

SONNET.

(*Jean de La Jessée, 1550—living in 1595.*)

I PRIZE the soldier whom a lucky star
Has scathless led through many a stubborn fight,
The bold adventurer who wings his flight
Renown to win, from native fields afar.
I like the rich man who with bolt and bar,
Hides not his gold but helps the wrong'd to right,
The courtier I admire who in base spite
Against the good has waged no secret war.
The judge I honour lore-equipped and keen,
I list the trav'ler who strange lands has seen,
I praise in authors an immortal fame ;
I prize great hearts disaster cannot bend,
I laud in kinsmen true a mutual flame :
But more than all, I love a faithful friend.

SONNET.

(*Vincent Voiture, 1598—1648.*)

THE gates of Morn the lovely Procris through
Her rich red roses to the fresh winds flung,
And o'er the heav'ns whose curtains backward swung
Cast from her cradle arrows gold and blue ;

When, all divine, that nymph my peace that slew,
 Appeared, and such rare charms about her clung,
 It seemed from her alone the world's light sprung,
 And that from her the East its lustre drew.
 The Sun, to keep Heav'n's splendour free from shame,
 Hastened against her eyes to pit his flame,
 And took all beams from Love's own armoury drawn ;
 Sea, Earth, and Air in turn shone 'neath his ray,
 But, Phyllis by, we took him for the Dawn,
 And Phyllis we believed the Star of Day.

SONNET.

(*Claude de Maleville, 1597—1647.*)

SILENCE o'erspread, the slumb'ring earth and wave ;
 The air grew clear, the sky was tinted red,
 And amorous Zephyr, rising from his bed,
 Rewaked the flow'rs with fost'ring breath and suave ;
 Freedom to her gold locks Aurora gave,
 On the Sun's path her hands rich rubies shed ;
 At last came Phœbus in full state outspread
 The world in vivifying light to lave ;
 When youthful Phyllis, sprightly, smiling, gay,
 Stepped from her palace, brighter than the Day,
 And in her eyes a light more dazzling bore ;
 O sacred torch of Day shun jealousy !
 Thou shon'st as faint that lovely maid before,
 As Nights' dim stars had shone when matched with thee.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLE- MAN OF QUALITY SLAIN IN BATTLE.

(*René de Bruc Marquis de Montplaisir, 1610—1682.*)

To die in fight whilst Vict'ry's shouts resound—
 Such of thy noble forefathers the fate,
 'Mid shades of heroes shall their shades be found—
 The House of Fame for them flung wide its gate.
 Not less than theirs' *thy* name by Story crowned
 Of jealous Time shall mock the pow'rless hate,
 Nor shades so dark thy glory gather round,
 As shall obscure its bright immortal state.
 True—we have seen thy young life pass away
 E'en in its spring, the blossom of a day ;
 With step too sudden to its goal it went ;
 Yet not too early paled thy morning bloom,
 Who died'st when death immortal honour meant—
 Such end marks never an untimely tomb.

TO LOUIS XIV.

*(Françoise Louise de La Baume Le Blanc Duchesse
de La Vallière, (?) 1644—1710.)*

ALL passes, dies, nor can the heart pretend
That to one object 'twill be always true ;
Past ages loves eternal never knew,
Nor can the future compass such an end.

While Reason's laws there's nothing can suspend,
Of roving Fancy what the course may mew ?
What's loved to-day, to-morrow's scorns pursue,
Our changeful humours none may comprehend.

Such faults, great King, you with your virtues link,
You loved me once, no more of me you think :—
From your's how diff'rent—Ah ! this love of mine.

O Love to whom I owe both good and ill,
Why not with heart like mine *his* bosom fill,
Or why such constant heart to *me* assign ?

LONG VIGILS.

(Antoine Godeau, Bishop of Grasse and Vence, 1605—1672.)

THE Star of Day has sunk into the Deep,
Silence profound wraps all the lonely plain,
Only at times a languid Zephyr's fan
A quiv'ring tremor 'midst the boughs to keep.

From the wood's heart no more rich warblings leap,
And the soft soother of all care and pain,
With bubbling spring and fount's low plashing rain,
Hushes the shepherd and his flock to sleep.

Beset by cruel griefs, alone of all
On Sleep to shut my eyes I vainly call :
Such wakeful nights have brought me nigh the grave.

How strange the yoke that Nature lays on Man,
Who to be happy must his senses ban,
And die each night his life if he would save !

ON THE DEATH OF LOUIS XIII.

(Pierre Corneille, 1606—1684.)

THIS marble 'neath, a viceless king is laid,
Sole fault his goodness loyal Frenchmen thought,
By one ill choice sad havoc round he wrought,
Guilt so to share was guiltlessly betrayed.

Ambition. Pride, bold Avarice displayed,
His sceptre seized, and France to serfdom brought,
And though no juster king was seen or sought,
His reign Injustice's no less was made.

Elsewhere still victor, in his Court a slave,
His* tyrant o'er—and ours'—scarce closed the grave,
Than there too he was forced to follow fast.

Were such misfortunes hitherto but known ?
When thirty years he'd wasted on the throne,
His reign just op'ning,—lo ! his life was past !

* *Cardinal Richelieu.*

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

(*Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle, 1657—1757.*)

"I AM" (to Daphné erst Apollo cried,
The while quite breathless after her he flew,
And yet was running that long story through
Of those rare gifts with which he was supplied)—

"I am the God of Verse, born wit beside ;"
Alack ! of verse she nothing recked nor knew ;
"I play upon the lute."—"Stop there, pray do !"
The lute was pow'rless 'gainst her stubborn pride.

"I know the use of ev'ry root that's grown,
And hence as God of Medicine I'm known ;"
Daphné at that dread word outstripped the wind.

But had he cried : "Look whom you've captive led !
A God—young, handsome, gallant, gay, and kind,"
Daphné, I'd wager, would have turned her head.

TO M. LA MOTHE LE VAYER ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

(*Jean-Baptiste Poquelin de Molière, 1622—1673.*)

To tears Le Vayer lend unstinted course,
Thy grief is just, albeit 'twere extreme,
For when we lose what thou hast lost perforce
Believe me tears may Wisdom's self beseeem.

'Tis wrong from ancient saws to seek resource,
Dry-eyed to see the loved one pass—a dream ;
As barbarous Nature brands the wish, and worse,
—Brutality not Virtue's steep supreme.

Well know we tears can ne'er bring back to day
The son whom sudden Death has reft away,
Yet hence the blow not less severe you find ;

His virtues all men high in honour kept,
His were—true heart, pure soul, and brilliant mind,
These surely claim he should be ever wept.

AT COURT.

(*Gabriel Thureson Count Oxenstiern, 1641—1707.*)

To serve the king, ^{one's freedom} ~~a master~~ 'tis to stake,
Become mere puppet of another's will,
The place we like not, there our home to make,
For pleasure slight to suffer many an ill.

'Tis ne'er to let our inmost thoughts outbreak,
To cringe to minions though we scorn them still,
Grown poor in fact, rewards in hopes to take,
All things to praise, indifferent and chill :

To please the great with adulation flat,
Laugh at a dog, or perhaps caress a cat,
To dine too late, to turn the noon to night,

To have no friend, though all men we embrace,
Ever on foot, to know no resting-place—
Such is in brief the doom of Courtly wight.

SONNET.

To Philippe Desportes.

(*Scévole de Sainte-Marthe, 1536—1623.*)

DESPORTES, when Time which all things bears away,
The use of French shall have abolished quite,
By such like fate whereby has sunk from sight
The use of Greek and Latin in our day ;

Thy work, a living fountain still shall play,
From it shall draw to vanquish Lethé's night,
Those who shall learn to read this language bright,
Whereof thy tongue's a perfect school to-day.

They'll find in thee an artless frankness, suave,
Yet wedding still the sweet to something grave,
They'll say, when seen thy ready-running rhymes :

Sure when this poet wrote in such a strain,
Some new Augustus o'er fair France held reign,
Since Virgils were reborn within his times !

SONNET.

(*Jean Vauquelin de La Fresnaye Seigneur des Yveteaux,*
1536—1606.)

O CHARMING wind, O sweetly scented air,
Embalmed with balm from these rich blossoms bred,
O joyous mead where once sad tear-drops shed
The good Damète and Amaranthe the fair ;

O bow'ry wood, O river, running there,
Who saw their woes to pleasure change instead,
Who saw how all their grief to rapture led,
And how a kindred soul possessed the pair ;
Now though all human joy these lovers quit,
Though they hold holier hopes in place of it,
Though love no more may make their heart-strings
quiver,

Yet still a kind of gracious soft remorse,
In seeing these sweet spots the twain doth force
To love this wind, this mead, this wood. this river.

TO THE CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU.

(*Marin Le Roy de Gombreville, 1600—1674*)

By your high virtues, deeds, and dauntless pride,
The destiny of Man and Time you change,
And, spite the hostile stars that doubtful range,
The course of public evils turn aside ;

You break the hopes, the tragic schemes and wide,
Whereon Spain feeds her haughty sons and strange,
Your counsels triumph for our ranks arrange,
Our Empire wins old bounds with flowing tide.

I often thought such men as those so praised,
To whom the Golden Age its altars raised,
Our Iron Age could never hope to view !

But, Eye of France, her monarch's Soul Sublime,
When matched their deeds with deeds, yet done by you,
I see they were but first in point of time.

SONNET.

(*Mathieu de Montreuil, 1620—1632.*)

TIRCIS, fear not henceforth that I shall sigh,
My bliss all rivalry has far surpassed,
Some envy, but as rivals none be classed !
My luck's so great, to tell I scarce dare try.

Thou'st known my martyrdom in days gone by,
Now know my joys since known my sorrows past ;
Iris has paid the countless woes amassed
Which I had suffered from her cruelty.

The favour had the very gods contented,
Had charmed the heart Ambition had demented, .
My poor 'mazed soul with rapture wild was rife.
The time and place shall in my memory dwell,
Tircis, I'll think of it through all my life :
Iris looked at me when I bade farewell !

ON THE DEATH OF BRISSAC.

(*Jean Antoine de Baif*, 1532—1589.)

BRISSAC, brave son of father brave and wise,
Could, stretched at home in tranquil ease, enjoy
The fruits his father planted—such employ
—Inglorious ease—he saw but to despise.

On Virtue's lone and thorny path he'd rise,
He'd crown his head with sterner laurelled joy ;
By Death he bought it, colonel both and boy,
Leading scarred veterans to Glory's prize,

When before Musidan—accurséd still—
After a thousand perils dared at will,
He won Fame's wreath, and lost Youth's heritage.

Let's weep *our* loss, yet praise *his* happy fate,
For on him, ending so, more honours wait
Than on the brave who die in ripe old age.

SONNET.

(*Guillaume Colletet*, 1598—1659.)

NOUGHT here I see but flatters much mine eyes ;
That balustraded court is gay and grand,
These lions proud that at the portal stand,
Soften for me their rage in wond'rous wise.

The foliage, where the light wind softly flies,
Joins with the birds its trembling music bland,
This parterre by some magic yet unscanned
Seems to have robbed of sparkling stars the skies.

This pleasant walk 'twixt trees in double rows,
Which no unhallowed footstep ever knows,
Keeps yet O Ronsard vestiges of thine.

Ambitious dreams that deathless fame rehearse !
I find thy *footsteps* side by side with mine,
But seek in vain thy *genius* in my verse.

TO A LADY ON RETURNING TO HER THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

(*Ulric Guttinguer, 1785—1866.*)

HERE's your Voiture and Gallantry's Parnassus,
If strange at times, he's noble—thought and rhyme ;
The Real's oft so bad in this our time,
That precious this cut gem my judgment classes.
He loathes (fine fault) the jargon of the masses,
He likes in love by special stairs to climb,
He thinks he honours it by phrase sublime,—
One of those faults the heart indulgent passes.
That much blamed falseness was for him quite true :
I feel that, woman, I'd have loved him too,
At times his verse is tender as the dove ;
Such were those lines which from full heart he sent :
"One must one's days end in Urania's love."
Can you like me feel its sweet sentiment ?

GASTON DE FOIX.

(*Claudius Marcel Popelin, 1825—1892.*)

RED waves of rich young blood his ringlets steep ;
From ripe rose lips the last choked rattlings rise ;
A lily cropped the youthful hero lies,
On hostile flags he sleeps th' eternal sleep.
The chaplain in a voice stern, solemn, deep,
Speeds on the soul to realms beyond the skies,
The sun-bronzed veterans with gazing eyes,
Kneel round the spot their final watch to keep.
The war-worn captains, though they shed no tear,
In choking anguish bend above the bier,
And kiss his hand as Parian marble white ;
For he whose sun of Fame's thus early set,
Whilst Vict'ry's trumpets round him echo yet,
Is Gaston fair as Eros to the sight.

THE QUEEN.

(*Claudius Popelin.*)

THE infidels have ta'en the King of France,
The flow'r of all his baronage is dead,
In Damietta, where the news hath spread,
In tears the Queen deplores her lord's mischance.

"Doubtless the Saracens will soon advance "
That horror weighed upon her heart like lead,
And to an old man—calming her—she said
On bended knees, with fearful utterance :
"Servant of Christ and of his Faith, O swear,
By the child which within my womb I bear,
Rather than pagans' captive I be led,
Rather than I to serve their plans submit,
O fair Sir Knight, that you'll cut off my head !"
He answers : "Madam, I had thought of it."

THE SNOW.

(*Claudius Popelin.*)

SAD thoughts come o'er one in one's lonely dwelling,
Though oft one cannot tell the reason why ;
It lies full often in the season, sky,
The day, the weather, nay the hour that's telling.
It snows, and now my saddened thoughts are knelling
O'er shades of friends long vanished from mine eye ;
Far from my house their footsteps have gone by,
With them have gone old pleasures past all spelling.
Vanished are all within Fate's midnight gloom,
Some are forgot, and others in the tomb,
O snow ! white snow ! fall silently and fast !
Pour, pour o'er them thy crystal tears and cold,
Thy shroud, thy shroud of dove-like feathers cast,
Where once their footsteps marked the mossy mould !

THE CHERRIES.

(*Claudius Popelin.*)

• THE very spot ! See where the cross-roads wear !
The beech-boughs through the self-same breezes blow,
Sweet perfumes still are swimming on the air,
To scent those banks where irised streamlets flow.
Here's the soft sod, the woodlands green are there ;
Here laughing ate she cherries long ago ;
Oft from her rosy hands the stones would fare
Sharp-clattering 'gainst the grey gnarled trunk below.
And she ? She slumbers in her marble bed,
But many a tree waves high its stately head,
Sprung from those cherry-stones thus thrown aside,
And flights of birds where trim the orchard smiled,
Each year still spreading further forays wide,
Come here to peck the cherries springing wild.

FUNEREI FLORES.

(*Laurent Tailhade,*)

BEND shiv'ring lemon-trees their leafage wan,
With languor heavy breathes their bitter scent,
For the last time the Summer sun has shone
On beds with pale chrysanthemums besprent.

Sounds the death-knell the silent air upon,
Then Memory wakes and thoughts are backward sent
To olden days for ever dead and gone,
To vanished Aprils and to joys long spent.

O dear, dear dead ! O ! loves of years gone by,
Within the churchyard, cold and still ye lie,
Say will ye wake at this sad solemn hour ?

Before the snow, before black Winter's gloom,
Hope, Love, and Pride, ripe for the yawning tomb,
Will ye not leave me one last fading flow'r ?

AUTUMN.

(*Auguste Jehan.*)

NOVEMBER with its russet mists is here,
Silent the grass, the song-bird's notes are still,
No more, far off, the herdsman's chant we hear,
For Autumn tints the yellowing forests fill.

Fire of the fireless, see the pallid sun
Prepares to sleep through sombre months and chill,
Light winds, loves, flow'rs, your frolic race is run,
For Autumn tints the yellowing forests fill.

Thou too my soul, thou forceless feel'st and dark,
Thou too shalt shiver 'neath thy fragile bark ;
And ever from my heart seems falling still,

With ev'ry whirling leaf, a drop of blood,
As the bleak north-wind whistles through the wood,
When Autumn tints the yellowing forests fill !

THE CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

(*Saint-Cyr Marie Joseph de Rayssac, 1837—1874.*)

GOOD GOD, how vacant yet how weirdly fair,
This shoreless desert where no harvests bloom,
Where outstretched changeless in the stirless air,
The earth seems of some mighty woe the tomb !

Scarce on the far horizon, here and there,
By herd forgot, some wand'ring oxen loom,
Whilst he on some old broken shaft finds room
Wrapt in his cloak, to sleep through midday's glare.

The heart is filled with sadness—deep, immense,—
Before these distances which recommence,
Whose sum tired sight can't measure, guess, nor keep ;

In heav'n no beat of wings, no wind-blown sighs,
Earth in the pomp of griefs eternal lies,
Griefs left no word to say, no tear to weep.

NINETTE.

(*Adrien Roux.*)

One eve—just then the fair first page we read
In the rich missal of sweet foolish love—
You bent above me your bright golden head
And whispered soft : " Thus will you ever love ? "

That fair first page—long, long ago 'twas read
In the rich missal of sweet foolish love,—
In turn I come—sad brow, and grief-grey head—
And whisper soft : " Thus will you ever love ? "

For yours is still that angel smile of old,
Those velvet eyes that all in fetters hold,
All that I loved when you were but a girl ;
But your pure soul ! . . . Ninette my heart's desire,
When God had given you such priceless pearl,
How could you—could you—cast it in the mire ?

A FARM IN BRIE.

(*Médéric Charot.*)

The plough-boys, lads with muscles like a cable,
Range 'neath the sheds the harrows for the night ;
Within the farm the girls prepare the table,
And the tin covers loud together smite.

Here is the flock returning to the stable,
The sauntering herd just keeps them well in sight,
Fearless of rams with horns for fight well able,
A child runs up, and hugs their fleeces white.

The roofs the sun tints with rich, rosy tide,
Upon the sill with all things satisfied,
The farmer bids the setting star adieu ;

Whilst, white and pure, slow-sailing up the sky,
Venus on nature turns a smiling eye,
With ray as mild as God were gazing through.

THE SUN.

(*Charles Fuster, 1866* —)

When dies the sun—a death grave, grand, and slow,—
When the great exile seeks his cloud-veiled bed,
One sees resplendent, like a brazier red,
Th' horizon flaming, an ensanguined glow.

O Sun whose glittering track so bright doth show,
Thy rich adieu we keep like dreams long dead,
Thou leav'st us O dear Sun when thou art fled,
A last warm glance though darkness round thee grow.

Thou wrapp'st thy royal purple round thy breast ;
Could one like thee but slowly sink to rest,
With glory, years, and bliss full-gluttred grown,

And glad of all good gifts took proudly back,
Tranquil—unrecking how the night is black,
How awful 'tis to enter the Unknown !

REMORSE.

(*Emile Van Arembergh.*)

Cain fled—strange voices filled the pallid sky,
And smote with fear the murd'rer's craven heart ;
He felt death-rattles on the breeze go by,
And hands stretched forth that drove him to depart.

He fled—and towards him sobs and hissings loud
Surged up from seas and forests—groan and crash ;
He fled—and heard like packs of hounds the cloud
Thunder behind him 'neath the lightning's lash.

He fled—but suddenly he hid his face,
For lo ! the sun, with murder purpling space,
Rolled down the black abyss, a bleeding head ;

The sky with scarlet all besplashed, a flood
Seemed Cain to dye as in his victim's blood,
And, red, th' Accurst One in red evening fled.

SEPTEMBER.

(*Paul Berlier.*)

Bathed in her blood blonde Summer dying lies ;
September hymns a death-song by her side,
Whilst heedless babblings all around them rise
From nest-thronged thicket and from sleeping tide.

Soft on the evening air that music sighs,
To lisp Love's lips farewells when all is done,
From the cut clover—aftermath—arise
Confused, faint odours towards the phthisic sun.

The woods take copper tints. The oak-trees old,
Thinking—near horror—on black nights and cold,
Bow down proud heads October shall lay low.

Blonde Summer's passing 'neath a sky morose ;
September by her pillow sees her go,
And sadly strips a pale, last-ling'ring rose.

AN OLD MAID.

(Claude-Adhémar-André Theuriet, 1833.)

Close to the suburbs of the town it lies
The old forgotten house, still, dull and drear ;
With rainy winds the front is black and bleak,
Shadows within, without rank weeds arise.

With the old folks how blank the dull day flies,
In yon close stuffy room of look severe !
Where still she sits, pale, sickly, year by year,
Poor girl, sans beauty, wealth, or love to prize.

Once when the spring would at her window smile,
She'd say, and feel a shudd'ring joy the while :
" Perhaps God to-day the bliss unknown will send ! " . . .

Those dreary, empty springs died long ago ;
Her worn blue eyes a weary langour show ;
And now she sighs : " Ah ! when will come the end ? " . .

THE LACE-CURTAINED BED.

(Georges Rodenbach, 1855.)

This bed's a barque with prow rich-carved and gay ;
From twisted ornaments and sculptured fair,
Lace-curtains hang, like sails that in the air
Unfurled—feel tremblings for the wat'ry way.

And as—the cable slipped from out its ring—
She leaves the land, and drifts adown the tide,
So from Reality we seem to glide
O'er Sleep's strange seas our tranquil course to wing.

And lo ! the landscape in a little while
Is changed, and Dreamland like some fairy isle
By moonlight silvered, smiles upon the ocean ;

Ah ! sleep thou transient death ! When comes the time
To die, 'twere sweet with such a silent motion,
To drift unconscious to a happier clime !

EVENING AT HOME.

(Georges Rodenbach.)

On wintry nights my sister oft will play
On the piano, and to mind will bring
Past days when she was quite a little thing
In frocks—she sings some melancholy lay.

A book in hand, the father from his chair
Listens ; the mother, as the north winds rise,
Draws near the hearth where ash-strewn ember lies
Watched by the cat with wide reflective stare.

O homely eves ! what whispers in the ear
Ye are too little loved ?—that when they're ta'en
The aged pair—we'll think of ye with pain ?

Ah ! perhaps that winter night's already near
When Marie only shall with me remain,
Still singing on that sad old German strain !

THE DEATH OF YOUTH.

(Georges Rodenbach.)

Each one who lives meets with a mournful day
When his white Youth sinks footsore wearily,
And tearful breathes farewells of agony
With gestures sweet of friends who pass away.

Clasps of eternal silence close her lips,
But when in earth we've gravely laid the dead,
In the Soul's house—last benedictions said—
How lone, and sad, and strange each moment slips !

Our best self's gone—we feel 'tis so with awe !
'Twas she, 'twas Youth whose eyes estatic thrilled,
Whose hand all vases with bright bouquets filled ;
But now the Passions come to give the law,
Imperious servants, stern-voiced, strong, and blind,
Who growl as they wear out the robes she left behind !

THE CHARM OF THE PAST.

(Georges Rodenbach.)

The buried Past—o'er it we often weep,
We love it more, now 'tis a mould'ring corse,
It makes us think, ah ! sometimes with remorse,
Of days when house with it we used to keep.

Like the birds' souls, lo ! skyward it has swept,
In the blue heav'ns its young soul finds its place !
Its body's confined close with silk and lace,
In wood made from the cradles where we slept.

And, as in coffins ere the lid we close,
We lay the things the poor dead loved—past joys
We place within—all our old buried toys,—

Our childhood's robes with ribbands blue and rose,
Which once from mirrors smiled so gaily back,
—And 'tis since then our garb is always black !

THE PAST.

(*Evariste-Félix-Cyprien Boulay-Paty, 1804-1864.*)

Dusty and tired a trav'ler homeward bound,
The Past I enter as mine own domain ;
Whilst sad old Memory, last of all my train,
White-headed servitor, slow leads me round.

Pious and pensive through each path I've wound ;
Grass, ivy, grows where'er my course is ta'en,
Silence where, when a boy, would laughter reign !
From vale to tow'r, but desert ruins found !

Friendship's green bower is faded, if no worse ;
Love wells no more from its exhausted source ;
Tree of my race, nor bole nor branch may rest !

I go, my heavy head depending low,
With hollow groans that from my anguish flow,
The while with desp'rate hand I rend my breast.

HUGO'S VERSES.

(*Evariste-Félix-Cyprien Boulay-Paty.*)

Hugo, thy verses boldly ranged around,
Are like an army when a battle's near,
When floats the flag, when rings the trumpet clear,
When all day long, troops trample o'er the ground.

Old grenadiers by burning suns embrowned,
Great alexandrines muster tier by tier,
And on the wings, odes show swift strophes that veer,
Light-horse whose foaming gallops all astound.

These marshalled ranks picked from the Universe
By our great Buonaparte of Gallic verse,
Mass stayed at will or launched to victory,

These soldiers thrilled by his electric thought,—
Above their flags his lyric eagle wrought—
March to thy conquest, O Futurity !

OLD MEN.

(*Evariste-Félix Cyprien Boulay-Paty.*)

Old men have some strange beauty all their own ;
Their voice far intimations seems to bear,
They on their heads a crown of foam-flakes wear,
Like divers risen from the sea-gulfs lone.

Their look serene, 'tis Heav'n's reflection thrown,
High hill-tops best fling back the sunlight's glare,
'Neath rays divine how lofty is their air ;
Man more majestic looks when aged grown.

Who sees not such as these from time to time,
Around them nobly spreading thoughts sublime
Which move the heart ? Some such at whiles I meet.

'Tis not when first a bursting bud it blows
At morn, that balmiest breathes the garden-rose ;
'Tis when, half-stript, at eve, it smells most sweet.

THE RED MOON.

(*Alice de Chambrier, 1861—1882.*)

Evening ! At last is o'er the awful fray—
For vanquished flight, rest for the laurel-crowned,
The country's flower, so swiftly swept away,
Strews all the hollows of the frozen ground.

Stark lies with bended head the stripling gay,
Whose bright young heart the whistling bullet found,
The man too, strong and valiant, fell to-day,
He shrank not when stern Death came on his round.

And 'neath another sky a lone old man
Weary with working since the dawn began,
Feels fresh the winds that o'er the meadows scud ;

Pensive he gazes towards the vast blue sky
Studded with stars, and much he marvels why
The moon is red, and seems as if of blood !

SONNET.

(*Edmond Nicolas Arnould, 1811—1861.*)

Hail woods ! by keen North breezes turned to gold,
Trees where, bow'ed deep, soft nests in myriads lay,
Hail trees that 'gainst all storms stand still at bay,
Fair in your calm, still fair in battle bold !

Hail ! for I love to watch the biting cold
Bid glowing colours o'er your foliage play,
Last harvest's, final conquests surely they
That vanquished Summer 'gainst chill Death doth hold !
And then I think that when Time's plough appears,
With furrows, fruits of cares and flying years,
Deep o'er our weary brows its paths to hew,
The mind, enriched with thoughts—strong, clear, profound,
With variegated flow'rs stands likewise crowned,
Flow'rs which green laughing spring-time never knew.

THE LAKE.

(*Edmond Arnould.*)

O lake I find thee—twenty summers fled—
As pure and calm as when I was a child,
When from thy glass those fresh young features smiled
Fair with the fairness Innocency shed.

Later, while Youth its joyous season sped,
I've sometimes watched, in thy blue bosom isled,
A flashing eye, a brow proud, pale, and wild,
Fair, for stern Energy, and Purpose led.

But now ! . . . Begone ! thou sallow wrinkled show,
Cold, speechless ruins of sweet Long Ago,
Where, ardour extinct, weary Care hath place ! . . .

O Lake I *now* seek 'mid thy rushes green,
Not the sad print of this poor haggard face,
But Heav'n's reflection in thy waters seen !

THE EARTH.

(*Edmond Arnould.*)

Vain grow we old, Earth still is beauty-drest, [snows,
'Neath's Spring's fair flow'rs, as 'neath stern Winter's
'Neath Autumn's robe with changing hues that glows,
Or, golden-crowned, by Summer's smile carest.

Proud of the pow'r that swells her mighty breast,
She seems to tell us, careless of our woes,
In us that nothing lasts save Sorrow's throes,
That *we* must die, while deathless *she* is blest.

Yet in the tale of days, shall come a day,
When her spent fires shall flickering fade away,
All her rich works to nothingness be hurled,—

All, save that swarm by Death from Life's hand caught
And scattered—atoms—noughts—yet each a world
That may not perish, since it once has thought.

IN A FORGE.

(*André-Henri-Constant van Hasselt, 1806—1874.*)

O forge! which fright'st the trav'ler when at night
Far 'gainst the sky thy flaming outlines soar;
He listens, 'neath thy buzzing roofs alight,
With monstrous lungs thy mighty bellows roar;
In thy red cave all din and blazes bright,
Thou champ'st, vast furnace, e'en the mountain's core!
The mountain melts, the quivering flames wax white,
And from thy maw the iron masses pour.
A forge 'tis too, the age in which we are,
The thinker scans it with lined brow afar;
Pale, eager workmen round the furnace bent,
Upon the flames we fix expectant eyes,
There, molten, seethe our many problems blent,
Who knows what metal from the mass shall rise?

WINTRY WINDS.

(*Frédéric Bataille, 1850—* .)

Like damned souls shrieking in red depths of Hell,
The old park trees beneath the scourging blast
Twist, scream, and, with a dark despair aghast,
Their groans upon the icy storm-wind swell.
Their branches, late like waving locks that fell,
Whose flow'rs but yesterday were clusters rare,
Now groan beneath the breezes, gaunt and bare,
Whilst mire-strewn leaves their vanished glories tell.
Against th' un pitying sky their arms are thrown,
And wildly threaten those great pow'rs unknown
Who force the Titans weep their youth laid low;
The while the lake beside a fauness white
In polished marble lolls with laughter light,
By a bent Love who draws his brazen bow.

THE HARVEST.

(*Frédéric Bataille.*)

July—the torrid sunbeams downward rain,
O'er all the land the birds their songs have stilled,—
Hay-harvest o'er, his earlier task fulfilled,
The peasant dreams of barns full-gorged with grain.

Tall corn-crests glisten o'er a yellow main,
With wind-swept waves the harvest-sea is filled,
Gold rolls the swell that to th' horizon thrilled,
Bursts as the billow on the sandy plain.

The fainting earth groans 'neath the fiery blaze,
The furrowed fields will soon salute our gaze
With sheaves by scythe and sickle keen laid low,
And gilded cars the highway broad will tread,
And in them girls with joyous chants will go,
Hymning the harvest—festival of bread.

THE OAK.

(Frédéric Bataille.)

A patriarch 't was, an ancestor that oak,
Green though two thousand years were on it laid,
Whilst all around of Death fast-nearing spoke,
It seemed with Time to have some compact made.

The silver spring the ancient Druids blest,
And planted there the acorn's gland of gold,
The Roman standing 'neath its tow'ring crest
A city planned—its memory has grown old.

The Vandals spared it in its green old age,
Burgundians saluted its rich prime,
Cossack and Prussian, spite their hostile rage,

Passed on, to injure it they felt a crime.
A paltry village mayor—a wretched clown,
With strokes two thousand hewed the giant down !

BELL-SOUNDS.

(Frédéric Bataille.)

The bells baptismal bear a joyful note
With sound like swallows chirping clear they ring ;
The child a rosy cherub—less the wing—
Lists, lifting up white foot as though he'd float

Heav'nward at once with very angel's speed,
The wedding bells with faithful echo swing,
Like Love that trembling 'neath lace veil doth cling,
When churchward walk the pair with heedless heed ;

The Angelus—how full, and sweet, and calm,
It falls on weary earth like healing balm ;
The belfry's note—remorse is in its breath ;

But know we not when dawns Man's second birth,
What dark Te Deums chant the worms of earth,
When sob their solemn knell the bells of death !

BY THE SEA.

(*Jules Lacroix, 1809—1877.*)

Whilst heav'nward mounts the cloud of tears like rain,
In Paris whilst—my childhood's home—afar
Growls the fierce cannon-voice of civil jar,
Bearing to me thy sobbing cries of pain,
Whilst on our tow'rs no tricolors hold reign,
But thy red flag, vile mob, an evil star,
As once in Rome, amid the Servile War,
Summons to pillage robber-tribes amain ;
I—now to old to fight—o'er whose dim eye
At times Death's shadow seems as flitting by,
Who've no look left for e'en the sweet spring morn ;
Sad as the sea, dear wife my being's light,
My soul breathes on the scented breeze of night,
This verse, fit echo to thy thoughts forlorn.

Nice, May 23rd, 1871.

THE HARPSICHORD.

(*Albert Giraud.*)

A poor old harpsichord discordant quite,
Its frame with memories of past ages filled,
Whose plaintive keyboard fair patricians thrilled
Long years ago with taper fingers white.
Upon its ebon case with flow'rs still bright,
His silken dress with rich valenciennes frilled,
Perhaps Villiers leant an elbow when he willed
To charm those dames with soft-breathed flatt'ries light.
A whole dead world, though lovely, sad and pale,
Was sleeping there within the relic frail,
Where dreamt the sweetness of the olden time ;
I opened it, and with a hand devout,
Some Court gavotte I bade swell slowly out,
To charm old Lulli's spirit with its chime.

THE CONQUISTADORS.

TO CAMILLE LEMONNIER.

(*Albert Giraud.*)

Thy glory makes my mind strange fancies crowd,
Of rolling ships which—dared all winds that blow—
For Western Isles—of golden fabled show—
The Conquistadors launched o'er seas unploughed.

On some such splendid eve they spread the shroud,
When heav'n, inflamed as by prophetic glow—
Bids royally its mystic riches flow,
In the dilated heart of sailors proud.

The harbour folk, who watched them to the last,
Saw how like dreams they vanished, mast by mast,
To the red dazzling of th' horizon won ;

And their dulled brains, in Age's dark'ning night,
Would still recall once more that splendid sight—
Those great black ships that sailed into the sun.

ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS.

(*Joseph Autran, 1813—1877.*)

Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.—*Young's Satires.*

Far from the slums and all their turmoil loud,
I knew a house 'twixt court and garden-plain,
Where dwelt,—by purblind Fortune so allowed—
A youthful plutocrat of bourgeois strain.

Horses he had, and lacqueys—quite a crowd—
His arms were everywhere. With what disdain
He spoke of all whose sires—Crusaders proud—
On Jordan's banks by Paynims were not slain !
~~To see his pictures off he would invite :~~
Those were his ancestors—those knights and Franks—
Those peers of Charlemagne with great beards grey ! !
" 'Twas I who faked them for two hundred francs "
Whispered a painter (of proud race he ranks)
" But of that detail, mum's the word I pray ! "

THE COBBLER'S NEIGHBOUR.

(*Joseph Autran.*)

" Tout est perdu fors l' honneur ! "

One of those shady gods whose shrine's the Bourse,
One of those money-kings our times enthrone—
Where *you* find rock, *he* finds the gushing source,
The silver river runs for him alone.

Fresh from his garret, friendless and unknown,
He made a fortune vast at lightning course ;
So now he drives—bored perhaps if truth were known—
A glaring golden chariot, grand if coarse.

No single pleasure our rich friend may lack ;
On him to very glut they all descend ;—
Mansions, steeds, women make his soul's delight.

Then comes an earthquake, and—he's on his back,
And like King Francis at Pavia's fight,
He cries : " All's lost but "—but he does not end !

THE BOOK OF HOURS.

(*Joseph Autran.*)

Thou leav'st, sped twenty years, that cup-board dark,
Old sacred book, which in the days of yore,
My granddam, whose pale face I seem to mark,
Would lift devoutly, crossing her before.

Strong in her faith, a pure, bright, quenchless spark,
Ceaseless below her breath she'd read thee o'er,
So that on thy frayed velvet I remark
The print that there her thin white fingers wore.

'Twas in thy leaves that, whilst she patient smiled,
She taught me reading, when a little child,—
The oft-conned words by heart I could run through.

Since then I've read the works of many sages,
But those famed books, the pride of all the ages,
On Life and Death have taught me nothing new.

A NAVIGATOR.

TO A LEARNED LEXICOGRAPHER.

(*François Fertiault, 1814—* .)

We praise the dauntless navigator well
Who one strange land but opens up to view,
Who—won his goal—bids ev'ry age anew,
In that land's name its finder's too to spell.

Renown be his ! but shall no trumpet tell
Of him whose bark steers back dark ages through,
Striking the springs whence some old language grew,
With keen eye—quick Time's shadows to dispel ?

A thousand points he touches on his way :
Is it not sailing 'neath Fame's noblest ray,
Bold to advance o'er such a treach'rous tide ?

Though on the sea of words less storms may beat,
With sharper thorns its islands wound the feet,—
'Tis a dark course that needs a giant's stride !

GROLIER'S DESSERT.

(*François Fertiault.*)

At Venice he'd just printed, millionaire,
A learned book from learned Budé's pen ;
He gave a feast—all Latin spoken there—
Egnatius to Manutius nigh we ken.

The host : "For work reward's I think but fair"
 "The author's—fame"—Fine sentiment, but then
 Three lustres toil ! . . . By work God's stamp we wear"
 "What boots the stamp my friend to starving men?"
 "Bear want with dignity,"—"Nay 'tis too much,
 "I'll fill the hand,"—"But if it will not touch?"
 "It shall, I'll fill it full as it can hold!"
 "Try it!" "You'll see!" . . . And so solution's sought;
 He claps. To each for final mouthful's brought
 A pair of gloves . . . close crammed with coins of gold!!!

TROPHY LADEN.

(*François Fertiault.*)

Five! and to dinner turns the toiler's mind;
 But our collector's appetite's not gréat.
 Burthened he's home-bound, and with striding gait,
 O'er pavement, kerb, and sand his swift steps wind.
 Hurrah! in each old box 'twas his to find
 The hidden gem, with finger sure as fate;
 Hands, arms, and pockets crammed, he's all elate,
 Nor of his load one jot would wish resigned.
 Old books with twisted corners, margins clipped,
 Queer manuscripts that from the flames have slipped,
 —Red edge, round back in rusty sheep rebound,
 Volumes unclad, once more of pamphlet race,
 Sheets where some old-world etcher left his trace . . .
 Such the rich harvest of his hasty round!

CLOISTER SKETCH.

(*Emile Verhaeren, 1855—* .)

Full-voiced—without noon's torrid sun beams rain
 And fields repose—the nones are chanting o'er,
 With balanced phrase, returned, returned once more
 Haunting like Memory's remorseful pain.
 And still the chant of bolder flights is faint,
 The swelling anthems loud and louder pour
 Till with the thunder of their cadenced roar,
 Shake in far corridors each pictured pane.
 The casement through the silver sunlight's rolled;
 One seems to see rich priestly copes, that hold
 Nails made of light. But sudden sinking slow
 The choir-monks cease their "deep-meshed melodies,"
 And, in the pause betwixt two psalmodies,
 From the green fields there comes a distant low.

FRANCIS BORGIA DUKE OF GANDIA BEFORE THE COFFIN OF ISABELLA OF PORTUGAL.

FROM THE PICTURE OF P. J. LAURENS.

(*Adrien Dézamy.*)

Before he quits the vast Cathedral's gloom
Where sleeps the Empress robed in rich brocade,
The loyal Duke wished one last visit paid
To his loved sov'reign confined for the tomb.

Strange to his eyes her livid features loom ;
On that pale face that princely pride displayed,
Sepulchral horror is so deeply laid,
That look and spirit quail with thoughts of Doom.

Before those frozen relics, mute and still,
Francis revolves the thoughts his mind that fill.—
Grave thoughts which suit that place and Death's cold
clod ;

And feeling deep the vanity profound,
Of all earth's joys and grandeurs, empty found,
He leaves the Court, . . . and gives his life to God !

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

(*Hippolyte Buffenoir, 1847—* ,)

Lone is the hearse on which the coffin's thrust
Jolting along to its last sleep of gloom.
Solemnly dull, the coachman of the tomb,
Drives the light burden of the nameless dust.

Death angrily he curses in disgust,
For lib'ral pay he knows there is not room ;
Homeless and friendless met the dead his doom . . .
The old black horses so their pace adjust.

Behind the hearse there runs a wretched dog,
Mud-stained, alone . . . the dead man's faithful friend ;
Watching the coffin through the heavy fog,

Plaintive appealing howls at times he'll send . . .
On the filled grave towards eve the mongrel died,
Whilst to some den the sable coachman hied.

THE MASTER'S DEPARTURE.

SUNT LACHRYMAE RERUM.

(*Jules Gaussinél.*)

When they had closed again the Castle gate,
Slow down the avenue the black hearse rolled,
Past the thick elms that stood in gloomy state
Silent and still—the night fell dark and cold.

At times sharp gusts would stir the sable pall
Thrown on the bier ; bared heads we followed slow
Thinking on Death that Great Unknown of all—
So reached the furthest edge of the plateau.

Far spread the plain, rich, rolling, gorgeous, vast !
It seemed to us that, 'thwart the silence passed
Towards him who forth had gone with God to dwell,
From meadow, fountain, field, and waving grove,
Which, child, had seen him 'neath our old oaks rove,
Solemn and sad, a long and last farewell !

THE TULIP.

(Théophile Gautier, 1811—1873.)

I am the Tulip, Holland's favourite flow'r,
My beauty such, close Flemings will not fear
My bulb to buy at prices diamond-dear,
If straight and tall, with trenchant tints I tow'r.

Feudal my air, a Yolande I transcend ;
In wide stiff gown like her's I too appear,
Rich blazonries on my rich robes show clear :—
Gules, fessy argent, Or, purpure in bend.

The Gardener Divine Himself hath spun
From regal purple and the golden sun,
For me to don, a garment fine and fair ;

No other bloom can boast my beauties blent ;
Alas ! that Nature pours no drop of scent
Into my cup of choicest china-ware !

TO MADAME DU BARRY.

(Alexandre Privat d'Anglemont.)

Your's was of hoops and furbelows the clime,
Of lap-dogs, abbés, muffs, and sparry grots,
Of witty gossip, repartee and rhyme,
Of counts and suppers, revels and cocottes.

Tame sheep and poets—seldom too sublime—
Sèvres and biscuit, odd antiques—well, well !
Plump Cupids, ribbands—those were of your time,
With rose-wood chairs and dreams in tortoise-shell.

The People's fury all to ruin swept.
You only feared, *you* only craved and wept,
You mushroom rank and rise *you* showed alone ;

The others smiling turned Life's final page,
Slain without hate, they died without a groan :
Sole woman you in that heroic age.

GOTHIC SONNET.

(*Frédéric Plessis.*)

The Baron has come back from Palestine ;
Barded as went he forth in mail of chain,
So the portcullis 'neath he rides again,
Under the emblem of his ancient line.

In the Blue Oratory, Valentine
For her dear lord is praying as in pain,
Whilst the white cherubim—adoring train—
Bear heav'nward her petitions infantine.

Gravely, the Paters and the Aves said,
She signs her, kissing low the pavement red
With rich reflections of the wax-lights' blaze !

Whilst Pierre within the doorway standing tall,
Dreams 'tis the Virgin golden-tressed with rays,
That makes a heav'n of his ancestral hall.

ON THE TOMB OF FRANCIS II., LAST SOVEREIGN DUKE OF BRITTANY, BY MICHAEL COLOMB.

(*René Kerviler, 1842—* .)

Stretched on the marble Duke and Duchess rest ;
They seem to sleep, to breathe in mortal mould,
Whilst at their feet, his collar clasped with gold,
Their grey-hound bears the Duchy's arms exprest.

Their bed beside, St. Louis, Charlemain,
Archangels, Virtues, and Apostles look,
Guard the last sleep of Brittany's last Duke,
And promise him a second, brighter reign.

Sculptor ! thy chisel dear to Breton hearts,
Carving the stone, true life to it imparts ;
Immortal surely is this work of thine.

Thy name doth it with double beauty bless,
For here the dove's white elegance doth shine
With great Saint Michael's noble stateliness.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

(*Claudius Popelin.*)

There comes a time when we are fain of rest.
Musing on days gone by we stir the blaze,
The world's stale vanities a smile but raise,
We find it all a sad deceit at best.

Close-cushioned in our cosy cold-proof nest,
We calmly listen whilst the wild wind plays,
As skiff at anchor rides the wat'ry ways,
Our soul so anchored doth the billows breast.

And, whilst thus musing, pensively we throw
A random glance upon the hearth's red glow,
The leaping fire-light sudden lustre flings,

And weary heads we raise—half joy, half-fear—
When some strange goblin voice we seem to hear
Murmur some song of Life's long-vanished Springs.

FLANDERS.

(Arthur Delcourt.)

O Flanders, though thou'st not like many a land
Great mountains clasping vales of em'rald hue,
To bar the sight at least no structures stand
'Gainst the clear depths of thine horizons blue.

One watches 'neath thy calm, sweet skies expand
Field after field, and fresh unrolled anew,
Whose tender aspect, melancholy, bland,
Is fair as peaks that pierce the cloud-line through.

My native land ! who learns to know thee well,
Born on thy soil, on it delights to dwell !
Nor would he change to any brighter scene.

Laid in thy lap, O nurse of fertile fields,
He takes the gifts which thy free bounty yields,
And last sleeps peaceful, 'neath thine expanse green !

THE OLD MASTERS.

(Léon Valade and Albert Mérat.)

Quite ignorant those quaint old masters were ;
Their Pilates scarce the classic toga wore,
Christ on the cross a wound—in carmine—bore,
Their little angels flew with lumbering air.

Harsh were their hues, the crude design scarce Art,
The Saviour 'neath the soldiers' scourge bent ill ;
Yes ! they were ignorant ! the Virgin still
Showed—on her breast—an arrow-piercéd heart !

Ill-drawn the backgrounds : some queer mountain-range
Of a hard blue, would ever reappear,
The foreground heavy, the remote seems near.

And yet the whole is full of graces strange,
That charm, and speak directly to the soul,
For Faith and Love made all their failings whole !

THE VALLEY.

(*Léon Valade.*)

Girt by green hills the sky-line blue that close,
Far from the dusty highways parched and grey,
Our little valley sleeps the livelong day,
Shady and fresh, an islet of repose.

Soft sighs the breeze, the running water flows,
Its murmurs mingling with the songsters' lay;
The half-heard note some distant belfry throws
Rolls down the vale and faintly dies away.

When on the panting land, fierce day-beams beat,
'Tis pleasant here to find a green retreat,
By some old willow's foot to lie and dream;
Until the westering sun has far declined,
To float down vagrant Fancy's lapsing stream,
Lulled by the corn slow swirling in the wind.

THE POND.

(*Léon Valade.*)

Like mirror by warm breath that stained has been,
The bright pond 'neath the evening mists grow pale:
We scarce can see it down the hollow vale,
For the dark clouds no sunshine falls between.

Above it filmy vapours rise . . . 'Tis e'en
Like to a cup that slowly overflows;
Down the dark plain the rolling volume goes
In foam-like waves as in some laundry seen.

But o'er th' horizon's edge the pale moon soars,
And ghostly radiance on the mist-clouds pours,
Which glitter dazzling as the winter's frost;

A sea of silver flecked with opal hues—
Lo! the vast space betwixt the green hills lost
Shines now a lake—a lake immense of dews.

THE CATHEDRAL.

(*Albert Méral, 1840—*)

Grey the Cathedral—grey to sable near,
Its tall, stern outline 'gainst the sky of eve,
From the still stones a voice we seem to hear;
In Gothic speech it calls us to believe.

'Tis the reflection, 'tis the memory clear
Of other ages—savages perhaps and wild—
One feels the soul of vanished days is here,
It stirs us as old legends stir a child.

And have you noted how the steeples high
Shoot slender ever upward in the sky,
To bear to farthest far the voice of praise?

Believe or not, no smile your lips may know
To see those giant walls like arms that show,
Their sombre hands of stone to God upraise!

SONNET

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

(*Félix Arvers, 1806-1851.*)

My life, my soul possess a secret deep,
A love eternal in an instant grown,
The evil, hopeless, all untold I keep,
And she who caused, hath never of it known.

Alas! unnoted past her I may sweep,
Beside her ever, ever still alone;
Life's journey o'er, tired traveller, I shall sleep,
No favour asked, no favour ever shown.

On her, though God hath gentleness bestowed,
Heedless and deaf she shall pursue her road,
Nor hear Love's sighs that on her footsteps press;

To grave stern Duty, ever faithful still,
She'll read these verses which herself doth fill,
And say: "Who *can* she be?" and shall not guess!

SONNET.

(*Félix Arvers.*)

My dreams through life had still a homely tone;
I saw a port where, after breezes keen,
The heart should find at last—its storms o'er blown—
A closing day, calm, sunlit, and serene.

A modest wife of years about my own,
Two little children by her side who lean,
Of friendly neighbours a restricted zone,
Long pleasant chats,—a summer's eve the scene.

To ardent Youth Love's ardours I resigned,
A friend, a kindred soul I longed to find,
To whom my griefs should be an open book;

Heav'n has bestowed more than I dared to claim;
Friendship, time-mellowed—takes a sweeter name,
And Love has come for whom I'd ceased to look.

THE MIRROR.

(*Louis Gustave Fortuné Ratisbonne, 1827—* .)

Man rushes, borne on Life's loud-whirring wings,
Nor recks how ev'ry day its skein unroll,
Ardent desires, and panting hopes he flings,
Down the abyss—still empty—of his soul.
'Neath Winter he has seen sink many Springs,
Seen livid Death pass by to levy toll,
What then? Time's knell for him unheeded rings,
He'd slake his thirst at Life's enchanted bowl.
Still young! Then onward! But one day, behold!
He meets a friend, well known in years of old—
How changed! how deeply Time has cut his trace!
Then terror comes! His age—just ours we trow,
And in the wrinkles of his altered brow,
We count the furrows in our own poor face!

THE TORCH.

(*Louis Gustave Fortuné Ratisbonne.*)

A youth once bore as through the world he went
A torch so bright that it effaced the day,
But Evil, blowing sharp at each cross-way,
And the wild gusts from furious passions sent,
Bent, twisted, broke, the swaying, flickering ray.
The storms of life with noisome vapours blent,
Obscured at times the pure, white flame; nigh spent
But now, it seemed 'twas faded quite away.
But ev'ry time that sank the blust'ring gale,
Upsprang again beside the trav'ler pale,
That quenchless flame, a smiling mystic rose;
And on his bed of death, and o'er his grave,
The mem'ry of his one love true and brave,
Like to a golden star eternal glows.

THE ANGELUS.

(*Paul Armand Silvestre, 1837—* .)

With ear attentive to the echoing wind,
Where, in the West, the gathering shadows grow,
The agéd couple looking far behind,
Live o'er some evening vanished long ago.

In these same meads with golden sunset lined,
Where thyme and mallowround their perfumes throw,
They used at eve to think how fair they'd find
The coming dawn when side by side they'd go.

Those dreams of bliss ah! they have passed away!
With trembling lips their Aves now they say,
While slowly back dulled Memory wings ~~his~~ flight,
To when in years whose tale has long been told,
For them the Angelus of Love unrolled
Its silver song 'midst evening's golden light.

THE OLD HOUSE.

(Paul Armand Silvestre.)

In the old house whose courtyard grey with age,
'Neath its pied robe of wind-swept fallen leaves,
Smiles at the porch grave where, on wintry eves
The bellowing blast sweeps in with gathered rage.

In the old house whose bricks glow warm and bright,
When bathes the sun its roofs in golden sheen,
On summer days its walls all draped in green,
Where ivy trails and twines in garlands light;

Beside the empty hearth, its last brand dead,
In the old house I sit with bended head,
Whilst all a speaking silence seems to keep;

That house whose guests are ghosts that haunt mine eyes,
And that is why, whilst shadows round me rise,
In the old house I sit me down and weep.

THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK.

(Paul Armand Silvestre.)

The snow has fallen on the hill-tops bold
Which misty veils Autumnal dimly cloak;
We hear all round the coast-lines long that smoke
The tinkling bells of flocks come down to fold.

Beyond th' horizon in its mist-crapes rolled,
Rhythmic as anvil 'neath the hammer's stroke,
The faint sound tells us—by the fire we spoke—
Of dreaded winter—long, and sad, and cold.

With just such sweetness—sweet yet O how drear!
The knell of other days rings in mine ear,
'Neath brows where Care already ~~sets his seal,~~ *her frown,*

For comes the time when not one flow'r in truth,
Shall blossom there! O loves and dreams of Youth,
The snow has fallen! Ye too must come down!

THE DEATH OF THE SUN.

(Charles Marie Leconte de Lisle, 1818—1897.)

The Autumn wind, like some far moaning tide
Full of strange vague complaints and drear adieus,
Sways sadly, down the length'ning avenues,
O Sun, dense thickets with thy life-blood dyed !

The yellow leaves spin whirling through the air,
And rocking in the streams of crimson light,
To sleep inclined as nears the gathering night,
Great nests hang purpled to the branches bare.

Set ! fulgent star, set ! source and torch of Day !
Thy golden glory from thy wound outwells,
As from great hearts a last love ebbs away.

Die ! thou'lt return ! for so experience tells ;
But what shall life, and flame, and voice impart
To him whose sunset is a broken heart ?

THE WHEAT.

(Frédéric Blin.)

Eve filled the fields with her vague murmuring sound,
When our brave harvesters came home once more
Their task complete, whilst in their hands they bore
The scythes which weapon-like together ground.

Slowly the oxen with green branches crowned,
And calm, sad eyes which something human wore,
Carried of anxious hopes the treasured store—
The ripe rich burden which the year brings round.

And now, this morning, whilst the threshing-floor
With yellow ears is heavily strewn o'er,
A fiery flushing fills the sky-line pale ;

Soon—rise and fall in rhythmic order told—
Like hammer on the anvil falls the flail—
Fast flies the chaff in shining show'rs of gold !

THE DIVINE ANTITHESIS.

(Joséphin Soulayr, 1815—1891.)

Deep from the belfry tolls the funeral knell,
But the warm winds are heaving with delight ;
All o'er the porch the sable draperies swell ;
The skies in gold and purple are bedight.

The mourners slow their silent paces tell :
The swallows swims upon the breezes light,
The bitter tears from ev'ry eyelid well ;
No blade of grass but suns a dew-drop bright.

Here is the field of woe : the corse down-thrown ;
The priest recites the pray'r in murm'ring tone :
"Dust of an hour, go seek thy native clay"—

Yonder the field of flow'rs where all things spring,
Where through vast Nature but one phrase doth ring :
"Come deathless Beauty, back to life and day !"

ETERNAL REGRETS.

(Joséphin Soulary.)

Up the road leading to the grave-yard's gates,
Are hideous gardens where each dealer shows
Flow'rs for the tomb, where Death turn'd florist waits
With his choice nosegays culled for all our woes.

Dirt cheap ! here kneels the Soul all rapt in pray'rs,
Wedded regret to silver tear-drops starts,
Fraternal griefs entwining ivy shares,
Lovers' farewells rhyme 'twixt a pair of hearts.

Some day for me you'll climb that sombre way,
Feast of my shade on some Saint Joseph's Day,
Let not such blooms your sorrow's burden bear.

One heart-felt tear I far more dearly prize
—Though on the stone soon as it falls it dries—
Than such sham drops though they eternal were !

GRAVE INDEED !

(Joséphin Soulary.)

Grave that he is ! Grave from his natal year,
They watched him gravely suck and gravely play,
Then gravely learn his book, and grave one day
Grave lover to grave wedlock gravely steer.

The codes just suited him it would appear ;
The lawyer's gown, cut to his fancy grey,
He dons. His gravity how now convey !
"Grave as a funeral and twice as drear."

Solemnly dull whate'er th' occasion be,
Rhythmic he walks, and speaks sententiously,
To cite Boileau deems frivolous and vain.

Has he a heart ? Just is he, true or brave ?
Is there *some* light deep down in that dull brain ?
"Nonsense !" they say : "he's grave yes very grave !"

THE DEATH OF THE POOR.

(*Charles Pierre Baudelaire, 1821—1867.*)

'Tis Death alone that makes us bear the pain
Of Life—sole hope and pole-star of our way,
Like a strong cordial, mounting to the brain,
It gives us heart to march till close of day :
'Thwart snow and hoar-frost, wind, and lashing rain,
'Tis the one light on our horizon grey,
'Tis the great inn where all of shelter fain
May eat, and rest, and sleep their cares away ;
'Tis a bright angel holding in his hand
Rich gifts of slumber, dreams estatic, grand—
Who smoothes the bed for poor, and bare, and lone ;
Gift of the gods, a mystic store-house planned,
The poor man's purse, his ancient native land,
A porch that opens out on heav'ns unknown.

THE ANCESTOR.

TO CLAUDIUS POPELIN.

(*José Maria de Heredia, 1842—* .)

Glory has ploughed with furrows one by one
The brave stern face of this great cavalier,
Who bears on brow that never bent in fear,
The tan of war, and of the torrid sun.
O'er isles and continents, sierras dun,
The Cross he planted, from where tier on tier
The Andes rise, and bore his pennon-spear
To where round Florida wild white waves run.
Claudius for his last heirs, thy brush I throw
In his bronze mail with many a splendid bough,
Brings back the proud sad ancestor sight ;
Still seem to seek his sombre eyes and bold
In the enamelled heav'ns—hot, brazen-bright,
The far-off glitterings of the Land of Gold.

THE BED.

(*José Maria de Heredia.*)

Be it or serge-becurtained or brocade,
Sad as a tomb, or joyous as a nest,
'Tis there Man's born, is married, takes his rest,
Boy, husband, grey beard, grand-dam, wife, or maid.

Funereal, nuptial, holy-water sprayed,
'Neath sable crucifix or palm-branch blest.
There Life begins, there Life's last sigh's exprest,
Shines the first dawn and the last wax-lights fade.

Lowly and rustic, or with haughty head
Triumphantly adorned with gold and red,
Of cypress, maple, oak plain rough and strong ;
He's blest who to soft, fearless sleep can slide
In that time-honoured bed he knows so long,
Where all his race were born and all have died.

THE CONCH.

(José Maria de Heredia.)

'Mid what cold seas, and through what winters keen,
—Who e'er shall know it, shell pearl-glist'ning, frail!—
Have eagre, tide, and current, surge's trail
Rolled thee in hollows of abysses green ?

Now, 'neath the sky, far from the reflux seen,
Thou'rt nestled safe in sands hues golden-pale ;
Thy hopes of rest are vain ! Long, desperate, wail
In thee wild voices from the depths marine.

My soul's sad prison too strange speakings fill ;
And as in thee sound sobs and sighings still,
The echoes of those storms of years gone by ;

So through this heart too full of One it knew,
Deep, slow, insensible, but ceaseless too,
Sad Memory breathes a stormy far-off sigh.

THE COFFIN-MAKER'S FAMILY.

(François Coppée, 1842— .)

The coffin maker has tucked up his sleeves,
Whistling he planes, the shavings pile around.
'Tis a good year ; no rest from toil is found,
Nor at the inn his Sunday scot he leaves.

The while amidst the coffins white they play,
His boys, two urchins rosy, lithe, and neat,
A passing hearse with lifted cap will greet,
And bless good Death that feeds them day by day.

The mother reck'ning up what farther sum
She'll save, if Cholera again should come,
At her shop-door knits with a musing smile ;

The group in Summer evening's golden glow,
Pictures domestic peace—frank, free from guile,
Comfort and health, and all that from them flow.

THE FIRS.

(*Georges Lafenestre, 1837—* .)

And like the sea-waves have our boughs replied
From the beginning, to their stormy glee; *Lord Hanmer.*

Beating the coast the foam-flecked Ocean cries :
"O haughty firs to Fate bow down your pride !
No tree must here with tow'ring crest uprise,
My jealous breath none living can abide."

"Why dwell ye not some placid stream beside,
And shade some emerald islet's peaceful sleep?
The finch in your light branches would hide,"
Th' unyielding giants answer back the Deep :

"Bend us O raging sea, our leafage tear,
Our supple branches many blows can bear,
The garden-bed the idle rose may prize ;
Suffering is strength, and Combat *that* is Life !
Blow !—Cut thy winds as keen as tyrant's knife,
Man hath our shelter, and our scent the skies !"

ON WINTER'S NIGHTS.

(*Georges Lafenestre.*)

When eve is o'er, on some long winter's night,
Watching while brands slow crumble into ash,
Soon comes an hour when pale the candle's light,
Within the smoking stick will leap and flash.

It seems to tired eyes agony, that strife,
That hopeless fight, that flashing fitful spark,
That useless blaze that is no longer life—
Soon trod out heavy by the frozen dark.

So Love departs—once deathless that I thought,
Like stricken bird it flutters still its wing
To mount to Day, that so it may not die.

My heart is with a cruel anguish fraught :
Nought back to life that vanished spark shall bring ;
Lone silent Night ! I feel thee dense about me lie !

THE LAST STAGE.

(*Camille André Lemoyne, 1822—* .)

When some great stream its thousand miles can trace,
And long has led its waters blue or green,
Beneath the sky's cold, grey, and steely sheen,
A trav'ler tired, it winds with slack'ning pace;

The sea unseen, it feels it from afar,
And distant ebbs its march majestic mar.
Still, Solitude around its banks are shed ;
Green fields farewell ! Sad flow'rs on heaths that grow,
The lavender and rosemary but throw
About it scents we scatter o'er the dead.
On the horizon sails one bird alone,
Eternal presage 'tis the sea-gull grey !
It shows the stream has seen its latest day—
To-night its waters meet the Great Unknown.

SONNET IN RED.

(*Louis Marsolleau.*)

Four cities, from four diff'rent points, alight,
To the red sky, fling up a lurid blaze ;
Whilst on the plain, dyed red by Evening's rays,
Four scaffolds stand in blood-red draperies dight.

The tawny sparks shoot crackling through the air,
And on the red and noisy concourse fall,
And in the sin'ster light, four headsmen tall
Clad all in red, stand by four billets bare.

Four vanquished kings are kneeling therebefore,
And rapid flashes the red skies glide o'er,
As lamp-gleams o'er a cellar's ceiling sped,
And with one stroke the axes four of gold
Swing down—four heads from off the blocks are rolled,
And o'er the scarlet spouts the life-blood—red !

THE RAPID.

(*Louis Fréchette, 1839.*)

The water rushing in enormous masses
Turning the rocks that quiver with affright,
With long deep cries rolls on in whirlpools white :
—The river 'tis that 'neath the mist clouds passes.

Like fiery steed whose flanks sharp rowels bite,
He bridles, rears, bounds forward fast and spumes,
And in far distance hides his surge that fumes,
'Neath echoing rocks or swaying forests' night.

From ev'ry side hoarse clamours vaguely rise,
Hover great fisher-birds with eager eyes,
Now in the eddies plunge, now wheel around ;
Hung by last effort to their resting-place,
Old stunted trunks bend low with savage face—
Black phantoms o'er the roaring chasm profound.

THE PAST.

(René François Armand Sully—Prudhomme 1838.)

Chance to my Past a whispered pray'r I make :

"I'm sad, so let us talk of days gone by."

The sleeper then whom my petitions wake

Sits slowly up and rubs each heavy eye.

Then joyous, smoothing his spring finery,

Yet somewhat from last evening's revels tired,

He flies, and leads me many marvels nigh,

'Neath skies forgot, to hours dead passions fired.

The fires relumed, he fills the cup with wine,

Launches the gondola where roses shine,

Sings lolling—oars on sleeping waters spread,—

I wish to kiss him, but I do not see,

That, as he smiles, my Past is watching me

With fixed dull eye, that tells me he is dead !

THE BOOKSELLER.

(Abbé C. Roussel.)

He's nigh the only person nowadays

(And hence him still I ever gladly greet)

With whom one can of Homer, Virgil, treat,

Yet feel no shame, no stifled yawnings raise.

Once passed his sill, when on him rests my gaze,

At desk, on ladder in his sanctum neat,

With all my glorious gods ranged round his seat,

He's sudden wrapt in some transforming haze.

Good man—a sacred character he bears ;

Null he may be, but in my eyes he wears

The aspect of a pontiff consecrate ;

He guards the Temple, says the prayers precise,

Presents the book, moves round with solemn state,

Off'ring the Muses' mystic sacrifice.

THE BIBLIOPHILE'S BANQUET.

(Abbé C. Roussel.)

How pleasant 'tis when with a wild delight,

Far e'en from friends, and far from prying eyes,

We cut the cord the packet brown that ties,

And, trembling, give its treasures to the sight !

Behold them heav'ns ! fresh from the press, new, bright,
Or browned by time . . . We welcome each rich prize ;—
Backs, edges felt, the very scent one tries,
Our knife next gives the virgin leaves to light ;
But not before that, snatched estatic glance,
Our greedy eyes some special gems entrance,
First fruit of near delights our heart it cheers ;
First morning fresh of joys that just begin,
Alluring foretaste of pure charms within,
Charms to endure for days, and nights, and years !

THE CAVERN.

(*Charles Fuster.*)

High up the mountain's flank—no verdure found—
Sad-sleeping in its gloomy solitude, *altitude*,
There is a cavern, hard to reach and rude,
Black dark the mouth, and icy cold the ground.

The eagle only dares its depths profound,
And even he feels strange inquietude,
He never screams there, for that solitude
Drear echoes holds that stunning roll around.

I know a heart, so vast, void, dark and chill,
That nothing more speaks there—nor good nor ill—
Nor loves, nor dreams, nor hopes—all voiceless lies ;

All things must silence keep—a silence dense,
The feeblest sound heard in that void immense,
Would fill its yawning deeps with fearful cries.

DESTINY.

(*Théophile Gautier.*)

How strange is life ! and how its ebb and flow
Urges us blindly into paths diverse !
A Wandering Jew, one through the Universe
Restlessly travels—ever on the go ;

Another, Faust-like in the shadow bred,
By his small casement with its greenish pane,
Hunts, from his arm-chair, bitter dreams and vain,
Whilst in his soul deep sinks the sounding-lead.

Well ! he who travels o'er the earth, still sighs
For the sweet fireside ; life on homely lines
Was his one wish, but God the boon denies,

The other, who of heav'n knows just what shines
His window through, the trav'ler was no less,
And each has grazed—and missed—his happiness.

THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT.

(Louis Xavier de Ricard.)

The rain drips heavy—'tis a night of gloom ;
Yon ragged women wild with want and hate,
Howl, darkly gath'ring at the Castle gate,—
Far off—the park, black, tranquil as the tomb.

Stunned by those whom vile mob they used to hold,
And that the cannon have the bastilles left,
The guards, obeying hands late needle-deft,
Are ranged in ranks before the Castle old.

And see ! like that fell star which red as blood
Threat'ningly rises o'er the angry flood,
When morning storm-clouds gather in the night,

On pawing steed amidst the sombre horde
Looms fierce and brandishing a shining sword,
The "Fair Liègeoise," all in scarlet dight !

IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

(Henri Potez.)

Within the Parthenon, gold-and-ivory-wrought
The Maid of Phidias, of resplendent mien,
Stood watching with proud eye and air serene,
Far off those scenes whose tale has Story taught.

An image—Victory's—her left hand caught.
Without the fane—a huge brass statue seen—
Athena Promachos the goddess-queen
Recalling those at Marathon who fought.

The seamen saw in sunset's dying light
Sparkling—a double star—with radiance bright,
Spear-point and helmet's crest, miles distant still ;

And when the shadows rose at day's decline,
The shepherds watched upon the sacred hill,
The marbles white in purple splendours shine.

THE PEAK.

(Robert Luzarche.)

Barded by sharp bald crags all round it sown,
The pathless peak that welcomes not a guest,
Shoots dimly up far past the highest crest
Towards where shine o'er us countless worlds unknown.

Its sides no fertilizing sweat have known,
The furrow ne'er has ploughed its naked breast,
Our toils, griefs, crimes, despair and dark unrest,
Ill-boding murmurs, ne'er have reached its throne.

And where brushed by the eagle's wing, it shows,
It seems some giant shape revived;
Champion of old-world feuds its scorn still glows,
Defying Man as Gods it erst defied,
Free in its barrenness, whose virgin pride
Clothes a thick mantle of eternal snows.

BEFORE THE BLAZING LOGS.

(*Léon Henri Barracand, 1844—.*)

'Tis not alone mere flames and idle air
That up the chimney in light smoke-clouds go,
When by the radiance of the logs aglow,
We sit and muse before the hearth's red glare.

'Tis not alone the embers that they bear
That hide at last from sight th'andirons so;
Were those grey ashes stirred, how strange would show
The many things by Memory buried there!

Far dreams of Youth, plans for the Future's day,
Regrets for friendships ne'er to pass away,
All the Soul's hopes, and all her tears devour!

Phantoms towards which we toiled with feet forlorn,
The works we planned, and left behind unborn,
Long journeys compassed in a single hour!

REMEMBRANCE.

(*Catulle Mendès, 1840—.*)

Methought I stood on some strange summit bold—
That land was washed by seas unknown to Man,—
I saw—as vaguely cloud-built shapes we scan—
The monstrous ruins of a city old.

Palace and tow'r o'erthrown did I behold—
Sole stood the gods where still the wide ways ran,
Vast, naked stood, 'neath ashen skies and wan.—
They felt on them that Time e'en had not hold.

I asked myself what name that city bore?
Kings, priests and toiling crowds lived there of yore—
Was I the slave bent to his shameful lot?

The priest? the chief of many a laurelled wreath?
In vain we ask the stony sphynx of Death—
All we remember is—that we've forgot.

SADNESS.

LAST SONNET.

(*Louis Charles Alfred de Musset, 1810-1857.*)

Life, strength have gone nor left a sign !
I've lost my friends, I've lost my pride,
Nor e'en those spirits high abide
Which made me genius fancy mine.

When first I saw 'Truth's face august,
A friend I deemed her and I knelt,
But scarce I understood and felt,
Ere wonder, worship was disgust.

And yet eternal she shall last,
And those who've wandered from her track,
In darkness through their days have passed.

God asks and I must answer back :
Of all once mine what have I kept ?
But this—that I have sometimes wept.

IMMISERICORDITER.

(*Claudius Popelin.*)

Pale Death stalks past and swings his scythe-blade bright,
And men—the shuddering harvest—down are mowed,
They fall pêle-mêle to left and eke to right,
Filling the ditches, strewing ev'ry road.

Pursuing ever his debauch of blight,
Snatching away those days with hope we'd sowed,
He breaks both masterpiece and sketches light,
And ev'ry brow his icy hands corrode.

O Nature with an arm both strong and firm,
Of Being still you scatter wide the germ,
Whilst to the fangs of Fate weak Man you throw !

Impassive still you ply your gloomy rôle,
Deaf to the cries of Life's unending woe,
Far colder than the snows about the Pole.

AMSTERDAM.

(*Arsène Houssaye 1814-1896.*)

Twice have I through the land of Rembrandt passed
—Home of the mariner, it floats and sails—
Where haughty Ocean 'gainst the dyke-wall wails,
Where broken Rhine is scarce a brook at last.

Bushy the plain—the dim horizon vast ;
Creation never in broad bounty fails,
And though at last the changeless prospect stales,
Still o'er me Holland some strange spell doth cast.
Is it God's work I watch admiring here ?
How charms it so, this landscape grey and drear—
Where oxen knee-deep in the water low ?
'Tis that rich Nature's fertile face I view,
Their world whence Rembrandt and Ruysdæl drew,
Where each fresh step some picture fresh doth show.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

(*Auguste Barbier, 1805-1882.*)

How sad thy face, how wan thy visage lean
Artist sublime, old hewer out of stone !
No tear thy lids all thy life long have known !
Like Dante's sure no laugh those lips have seen.

The Muse too strong milk gave her son I ween,
Art, thy sole love, stern claimed thy life alone ;
For three score years thy triple flight was flown,
On no soft human heart would *thy* heart lean.

Poor Buonarotti ! thy one bliss was found
In carving stone to grandeur grave, profound,
And God-like strong, like terror spreading wide ;

Thus when his weary winter was in wane,
The old tired lion 'neath his snowy mane,
With toil and glory glutted, slowly died.

SONNET.

(*Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve 1803-1869.*)

A flow'r deck'd tree was I where sang my Youth,
Youth, sweet-voiced bird but all too swift to flee !
And e'en ere flying from the leafless tree,
It had so much sung that it wept in sooth.

But sweet its plaint was—so its grief 't would dress,
That—lacking wider group of critics choice—
The list'ning thicket, and the echo's voice,
And the old oak's heart wept with tenderness.

All still and dead ! The tree now void of song,
Spreads out bare branches through dull days and long :—
At times some hollow, creaking sound we hear ;

Gnarled, upright, stonily it waits aghast,
The hour the fatal raven must appear,
To sing its final winter's song at last.

A THOUGHT OF AUTUMN.

(*Paul Armand Silvestre.*)

October in the woods hath ta'en his stand,
Redd'ning their crests, their verdure bringing low,
The trembling trees who feel the frosts at hand ;
Swim sad in golden sunset's dying glow.

Just like those trees of my desires the band,
For the Soul's Spring e'en as the Year's must go,—
Harsh Winter waits it on Time's barren strand,
With days of grief, and slumbers cold as snow.

Ere yet the shroud about my life I lay,
I too would taste a splendid Autumn day,
Where all seems sweeter since its doom is told ;

And as the trees these avenues beside,
In purple bathe, their naked limbs to hide,
My yet live heart I'd bathe in Memory's waves of gold !

L'INDIENNE.

(*Camille Delthil. 1834.—*)

In those strange lands where silks and cashmeres gleam,
On the soft ottoman's becushioned pile,
Your brow all diamonds, and your lips all smile,
You spend the day in one long, lazy dream.

The fragrant hookah—slow its scents upsteam—
Held 'twixt stained fingers doth the hours beguile ;
So lolling listlessly the time you while,
Waiting your nabob—lucky him I deem.

For you know nothing of our wandering loves,
Like to our torrent if the north that roves
With sudden roar of foaming fleeting tides ;

Your heart is like a lake whose waters sleep,
Whilst—velvet-eyed—the stars their vigils keep,
And noiseless o'er whose breast a sailless vessel glides.

THE RIDE OF THE BRETON KNIGHTS.

(*George Grassal.*)

The trumpets through the burial-vault that wail
Have waked the knights of fiercely-tossing crest ;
With naked swords, all, 'neath their banners pressed,
Defile, as when men sought the Holy Grail.

Crusaders in their loyal heart's blood dyed,
Heroes who bearded monsters in their den,
Haste to refight their battles o'er again,
Singing of love and war as on they ride.

From Jocelyn's tow'rs to Castle of Goulaine,
The cavalcade sweeps past o'er heath and plain—
Each church is mute, and ev'ry hearth is cold—

The courser's nostrils like twin flames are seen,
And moonlight softly gilds with kiss of gold,
The tall steel casques 'neath oriflammes of green.

THE GRANDFATHER'S FEAST DAY.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY LELOIR.

(*Adrien Dézamy.*)

To day's the Grandsire's feast, and for a while
The manor has thrown off its air austere ;
Child, ribboned dame, and ruff-decked cavalier,
Meet here, and passing, change a friendly smile.

In his great chair beside the hearth's red pile,
The grandsire, bent by many a gathered year,
Receives his elder daughters who draw near
To kiss and wish him joy as past they file.

Sudden the gushing tears his eyes empearl,
For to his feet they bring the youngest girl ;
His stiff arms clasp her fast with failing pow'r ;

And when, last bud on that old bough and mossed,
Her sweet face bathes she in that beard of frost,
It looks like, 'neath the snows, a rose in flow'r.

IN A VILLAGE CHURCH.

"Sicut passer solitarius in tecto."

(*Sabin Aressy.*)

Enter ! The humble church as yet is lone,
The early sunlight silvers o'er each pane,
And, in the fields, the lark, just heav'nward flown,
Preludes the chorus of the feathered train.

An angel kneels beside the sacred throne,
Dimly the lamp shines swinging from its chain,
And as my steps ring round with echoed tone,
Out from the belfry sparrows fly amain.

Gold angel, sparrows, flickering lamp alight,
Are ye sole watchers through the long, long night
When God gives rendezvous his creatures here ?

Must then His voice no answering voices find ?
Our frozen hearts must dull oblivion bind,
More far from God the more he draws anear ?

AROUND THE LAMP.

(*Joseph Autran.*)

The lamp diffuses soft its quiet light
O'er the round table in a steady glow,
Where heads uneven—heads brown, grey, and snow,
Receive its lustre—rosy-pink and white—

The furrowed grandsire's bent by Age's blight,
The dreaming girl her tambour's broid'ring slow,
And, 'neath the mother's eyes with love aglow,
A schoolboy sleeps—'tis Saturday to-night.

All round the room the sable shadows rest.
O sweet repose! O household charm divine!
Who ne'er has known thee bears an ice-cold breast.

I love them yes! as though their home were mine,
That silent circle round the table pressed,
That lamp that o'er the happy group doth shine!



III.

TO ISOTTA.

(*Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta Lord of Rimini and Fano
1417-1468.*)

O sweet and longed-for light! O lofty soul!
O noble creature, O thou face so fair!
Clear light angelic that doth blessings bear,
Prize whom my hopes have fixed for furthest goal!

Thou art that anchor deep-set to endure
Which holds in safety my poor battered bark,
In thee my very life's strong stay I mark—
Thou turtle-dove so guileless, white and pure.

To thee the flow'rs bend low the willing head,
Are glad when by thy gentle footsteps prest,
Or by thy mantle brushed of azure dye.

The sun at morning rising from his bed,
—Thee still unseen—rejoices glory-drest,
But vanquished soon, hastes pale and grieving by.

SONNET.

(*Bernardo Tasso, 1493-1569.*)

Soft turf and flow'rs my emerald margs frame,
There, wand'ring shepherd, let thy flocks recline:
The olive and the mulberry's shade be thine
That give thy lovely hill eternal fame:

The fresh sweet wave to trouble though were shame
Here where my living springs translucent shine,
To the Muse sacred, whence gush streams divine,
That stir the soul to gain a glorious name.

To drink, here Phoebus and the Nine repair,
Chaste frolic nymphs, pure Loves in sin unvert,
Some white swan too the noblest of his race.

Thou, if thou art not shepherd rough and base,
With sweetest love-songs charm the list'ning air,
Then with my crystal waters slake thy thirst.

SONNET.

(Angelo di Costanzo, 1507-1591.)

Curb, happy soul thy joy in blessedness,
The rapture which is thine nigh God now set
To see Him as He is : do not forget
Thy hapless father in his sore distress.

See the dry trunk now vowed to barrenness,
The root whence Death's base sword, unjustly, yet
Reft thee away, green bough wherein were met
All Good and Beautiful that Earth can bless.

Ah ! pray that ere dissolve thy sire away,
Grief-stricken, weeping perhaps rebellious tears,
Haply to force from thine *his* soul to stay,

O pray the Lord to Whom thou art so dear,
That He may call him home to realms of day,
With thee to joy 'mid light eterne and clear.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE SEASONS.

(Girolamo Alessio Baruffaldi, Archpriest of Cento, 1675-1753.)

Knocks loudly at the gates of Autumn chill,
Rough Winter, girt with frost, and ice, and snow ;
Sad Autumn to his pow'r is forced to bow,
And opening lets the tyrant work his will.

Next smiling comes sweet Spring her post to fill ;
Her rosy arm compels the grey beard go,
But scarce she reigns ere, netted, she's laid low,
And sultry Summer rules o'er dale and hill.

As waves preceding waves still overturn,
Time flies ; the Sun's bright chariot course being done,
With silver horn the Moon rules all in turn.

Yet back comes ev'ry season with the Sun,
Man's years alone, once past can ne'er return,
Nor of his days come back a single one.

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

(*Carlo Innocenzio Frugoni, 1692-1768.*)

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,
The thunder shook the dome;
But the boy stood firm, and swore
Eternal hate to Rome.

L.E.L.

A chin which scarce the first faint down could show,
Had the hot Afric lad, when at command
He on the Altar laid a boyish hand,
And boldly spoke the words of that fierce vow ;

A hundred deities he called I trow
In slaying Rome's brave sons his friends to stand ;
Though the just gods such oath as impious banned
And left it idly down the wind to sough,

Yet had that grim, hard visage been revealed,
And had she heard that voice, harsh, firm, and bold,
Of him whose right arm bore not yet his shield,

Whose left side that dread brand not yet might hold,
Rome would have quaked as though that hour should
yield
The naked sword foredoomed to pierce her bosom cold.

HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO DIE.

(*Edmondo de Amicis.*)

When rose the thought if Death before my sight,
Ever there loomed unto mine ardent eyes,
A plain vast girt by hills all round that rise—
Here Piedmont's Alps—there mountains flower decked
bright ;

And there, old feuds to end in one last fight,
Sword-rough, flag-crested 'neath the wind-swept skies,
Furious and splendid downward torrent-wise
Our Country's army rolling in its might !

I dreamt I joined my brothers in the fray
That bade free Italy no longer mourn,
And all her old dishonours swept away ;

That there I fell thrilled through by joyous start
Of cheers from blood-stained regiments battle-worn—
The sun in front, a bullet in my heart.

THE VIOLET.

(*Giacomo Zanella.*)

Didst thou reflect, O violet fair, that fast
Despoiled and scattered all thy charms must lie
By ceaseless rains and chilling hoar-frost cast
As Boreas of treacherous wing sweeps by.

Surely thou would'st not to the hostile blast
Trust scents that haunt thy cup of purple dye ;
But scared, 'mid moss and thorn would'st hide aghast
To 'scape the rage of yon yet angry sky.

Thou answerest : My life is not my own ;
When peasant women leave their cabins white,
Where long lit by the lamp light scant alone,

They've sped the spindle through the winter's night,
I tell them that sweet summer's almost blown ;
Nor reck if then forgot I sink from sight.

NOTES.

It is perhaps superfluous to observe that the following brief notes make no pretension to original research, and are in most cases drawn from well-known and readily accessible sources. I have made them as succinct as possible.

THE PLEIADE.

The Pleiade was the name collectively given to seven of the most eminent poets of the Court of Henri II of France. They were so entitled in imitation of a similar body at Alexandria in the days of King Ptolemy Philadelphus, the analogy being in the first instance drawn from the constellation of the Seven Stars.

BELISARIUS.

Gibbon, Finlay, and Professor Bury reject the story of Justinian's great General being reduced to beggary, whilst Lord Mahon accepts it as most probably true (*"Life of Belisarius."*) Belisarius was the only Byzantine commander who received the ancient honour of a Triumph.

ANTINOUS.

Antinous was a youth of extraordinary beauty, a native of Bithynium or Claudiopolis, an Arcadian colony situated on the banks of the Sangarius in Roman Bithynia. He accompanied Hadrian in a progress which that Emperor made through Egypt probably about A.D. 130, and died mysteriously near the town of Besa. It is most probable that he was either accidentally drowned in the Nile, or else threw himself into it in the belief that his vicarious sacrifice would avert some great danger with which his master was said to be threatened. Hadrian gave way to extreme grief at his death, rebuilt Besa with great splendour under the name of Antinôé or Antinôópolis, instituted games in honour of his favourite, and rewarded the Sophist Pancrates with a magnificent pension for a poem written in his honour; his worship continued to exist down to the reign of Valentinian I. Besides numerous medals, some thirty statues and busts of Antinous have survived.

See John A. Symonds *"Sketches and Studies in Italy"* and *"Roman Days"* from the Swedish of Viktor Rydberg.

THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

Constantine XIII the last Emperor of the East, was born on February 14th, 1404, being the eighth of the ten children of the Emperor Manuel Palæologus and the Empress Irène Dragasses. He was Despot of the Morea when in October, 1448, he succeeded his brother John VII, and was crowned at Sparta in January 1449. He had been already twice married—first to Theodora Tocco of Clarentza, and second to Caterina Gattilusio daughter of the Genoese prince of Lesbos—but had no children. The Empire—already at its last gasp—consisted only of the Capital itself and of a few miles of country round the crumbling walls. After a long and heroic struggle against impossible odds, Constantine was slain at the storming of Constantinople by the Turks, May 29th, 1453. His body was so gashed and disfigured that he was recognised only by the scarlet buskins decorated with the Imperial eagles. His head was exposed on a porphyry pillar before the palace, but by direction of the Sultan his body was honourably interred with all the ancient rites used at the funeral of an emperor.

"In the neighbourhood of the Weffa Mosque, in a yard surrounded by the dwellings of poor artisans, there stands an old willow, whose branches are wreathed round by a profusion of climbing roses and wild vines. In the shadow of this tree a slab of white marble without any inscription covers a grave at whose head an oil lamp is lit every evening. The spot ought to be hallowed to everyone who respects faithfulness to duty and patriotism, and who has sympathy with the single-hearted hero of a great historic tragedy. The slab covers the remains of the last Greek Emperor, the patriotic and brave Constantine Dragasses."

Chedomil Mijatovitch "Constantine the Last Emperor of the Greeks."

BURGHLEY HOUSE.

The huge palace of Burghley (or Burleigh) was erected by John Thorpe in the reign of Elizabeth for the great Lord Treasurer (whose sumptuous tomb is to be seen in St. Martin's Church, Stamford,) and has ever since remained the seat of the elder line of the Cecils. Most readers of Tennyson are probably familiar with the story of the romantic marriage of Henry tenth Earl and first Marquis of Exeter, to the daughter of a small farmer with whom he was staying as a lodger under the name of Jones for a couple of years before his accession to the title. The farmer's daughter was called Sarah Hoggins, and the village near which she lived was Bolas in Shropshire. "The Cottage Countess" had a daughter and two sons—the elder the grandfather of the late Marquis.

EDEN HALL.

The Musgraves of Eden Hall came from Normandy with the Conqueror, and have held their present estates near Penrith ever since the reign of Henry VI. Sir Richard Musgrave, Knt., was created a baronet by James I on June 29th, 1611, some five weeks only after the creation of the order (May 22nd.) The present Hall is a large square modern building, beautifully situated in the valley of the Eden. In it is preserved the famous "Luck of Eden Hall" an enamelled glass goblet, in shape something like a dice-box. According to the legend it was seized by one of the Musgrave family from some fairies upon whom he unexpectedly came as they were disporting themselves on the grass near St. Cuthbert's Well. Musgrave sprang from his horse, seized the enchanted cup, remounted, and, though immediately pursued, succeeded in crossing running water without being overtaken, whereupon the fairies vanished crying:

"If that glass do break or fall,

"Farewell the Luck of Eden Hall."

The Luck has been made the subject of poems by Uhland, Wiffen, and Philip Duke of Wharton.

ABDERRAHMEN III.

Abderrahmen III the fourth Ommeyade King of Cordova and the first Spanish Caliph, was born A.D. 891, succeeded his grandfather Abdallah in 912, and died in 961. His long reign was in the main peaceful, and is looked upon as the Golden Age of the Moslem domination in the Peninsula. The material prosperity of the country reached a pitch which it has never since attained, and under the beneficent patronage of the Caliph—himself one of the most learned men of his day—Science and Letters flourished, and the first Medical School in Europe was opened. The magnificent palace which Abderrahmen built some miles outside Cordova, excited the wonder of even the Ambassadors of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus. Here it was that the Caliph was wont to walk up and down in earnest converse with the noted Moslem saint or santon Abu Ayoub, who had doffed the corslet to devote his life and fortune to alms-giving and good works.

STRADIVARIUS.

Antonio Stradivari, better known as Stradivarius, the greatest, and last of all the great, Cremonese makers of the violin, was born about 1649 and died in 1737. He was a pupil of Niccolo Amati, and the whole of his long life was spent in Cremona.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

It was on December 25th, 1513, after a toilsome and dangerous march across the Isthmus of Panama that Vasco Nuñez de Balboa reached the precipitous cliff whence he obtained his first view of the Pacific, whose shores however he did not actually reach till the 29th. He was born at Xeres de los Caballeros in 1475, and was beheaded in 1517.

LA BELLE CORDIERE.

Louise Labé or Charly was the daughter of a rich merchant of Lyons. She was brilliantly educated, and was endowed with extraordinary beauty of a very uncommon type. She was equally enthusiastic in her love of war, music, hunting, and poetry. Attired as a man she fought at the siege of Perpignan with great valour, and in the camp was known as Captain Loys. She finally doffed her armour to wed a young knight whose name is unknown, and who died at Lyons soon after their marriage. Louise afterwards remarried a very rich rope manufacturer named Ennemond Perrin—whence the nickname by which she is generally known. Her splendid mansion became the chief intellectual centre of Lyons, then full of cultivated Italians who had come to France in the train of Catherine de Medici. Louise's second husband died in 1565 leaving her an immense fortune which she lived to enjoy for a short time only. On the site of her gardens was afterwards built the rue de la Belle Cordière. Her poems containing some twenty-five sonnets have been frequently reprinted.

TO LOUIS XIV.

The original of this sonnet has been likewise attributed to Pellisson, Benserade, and Saint Evremond, but it was at all events written in the name of Madame de La Vallière, and was given by her to Louis XIV in the vain hope of winning him back from his passion for Madame de Montespan.

COUNT OXENSTIERN

Born at Stockholm, and was the grand-nephew of the famous Chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus, whose granddaughter he married. He was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary at the Congress of Ryswick, but lost all hope of advancement in Sweden by becoming a Catholic. In 1699 however Charles XII made him governor of the Duchy of Deux-Ponts (Zweibrücken) then attached to the Swedish Crown, and here he died. Several years after his death there appeared at Frankfort his "Recueil

de Pensées" written in French, and consisting of detached reflections in prose, interspersed with occasional verses. He can scarcely have gathered his disadvantageous impressions of Court-life amid the Spartan simplicity of the households of Charles XI and Charles XII.

ST. FRANCIS BORGIA.

Francis Borgia—more correctly Borja—was the grandson of Juan first Duke of Gandia assassinated in Rome by his brother Cæsar during the reign of Alexander VI. He was born in Valencia in 1610, and bore the title of Marquis of Lombay till he succeeded his father. He held the posts of Master of the Horse to the Empress Isabella of Portugal wife of Charles V, and of Major domo to her son the Prince Royal of Spain afterwards Philip II. His wife Leonora de Castro died in 1546, and next year, by permission of the Emperor, he resigned his titles and estates to his eldest son, and entered the Jesuit order in Rome. In 1565 he was elected third general in succession to Laynez, died in 1572, and was canonized in 1625.

GASTON DE FOIX.

Gaston de Foix Duc de Nemours, was the son of Jean de Foix Vicomte de Narbonne, and of Marie d'Orléans daughter of the poet prince Charles d'Orléans, and sister of Louis XII. His sister Germaine was the second wife of Ferdinand the Catholic, and his aunt Marguerite was the mother of Queen Anne of Brittany. He was born in 1489, went to Italy in 1510, and at the close of 1511, succeeded to the chief command of the French army. Though he lived only a couple of months longer, he defeated the united Spanish and Papal forces at Isola della Scala, raised the siege of Bologna, carried Brescia by assault, and on April 11th. 1512, won the crowning victory of Ravenna, but pursuing the retreating enemy too hotly, was mortally wounded, and died on the field.

THE QUEEN.

Margaret eldest daughter of Raymond Berenger IV, Count of Provence, was born in 1221, and married when little more than a child to Louis IX (St. Louis) King of France. She accompanied him to Africa in 1248, and it was at Damietta that her son Jean Tristan was born. She again sailed for Africa with her husband in 1270, when he died there. She herself died in 1295 in the reign of her grandson Philippe-le-Bel. She had five sons and five daughters. From her youngest son Robert Count of Clermont descends the House of Bourbon.

MONTPLAISIR.

The proper title of this poet is Marquis de La Guerche and Seigneur de Montplaisir. He was a distinguished cavalry officer, and was lieutenant du roi at Arras. His principal poem is "Le Temple de la Gloire" addressed to the young Duc d'Enghien (afterwards the Great Condé) on the occasion of his great victory over the Imperialists at Nordlingen. There are notices of Montplaisir by Olivier de Gourcuff and others in "Les Poètes Bretons du XVII^e me Siècle."

JEAN GROLLIER.

The Grolliers or Groliers came originally from Verona in the thirteenth century and settled in the neighbourhood of Lyons. Etienne Grollier was attached to the household of Louis, Duke of Orléans, and when that prince became King Louis XII, he appointed Grollier as treasurer in the Duchy of Milan which he claimed in right of his ancestress Valentine Visconti. By Antoinette Esbarde, Etienne had an only child Jean born at Lyons in 1479. Jean Grollier de Servier Vicomte d'Aguisy eventually succeeded his father as one of the Elus of Lyons—whose duties were the assessment of the taxes—was made by Francis I Intendant General of the army of the Milanese, entrusted with important diplomatic functions in Rome in 1534, and in 1537 became Treasurer of Finances in the Ile de France. In 1545 he became one of the four Treasurer's General a post which he held till his death. He played some part in the quarrel between the Duchesse d'Etampes and Benvenuto Cellini, and had a good deal to do with the foundation of the Collège de France, and with the reminting of the coinage ordered by Henri II. He was a most munificent patron of letters and learned men. Amongst his friends were the great printer Aldus Manutius, J. B. Egnatius, Erasmus, Budæus, Gafori the musician, and many others, several of whom dedicated their works to him. He left nothing of his own except a number of letters—a couple of them in Latin—reprinted by Leroux de Lincy. He was the possessor of a choice library, specimens of which are much valued by collectors, and of a valuable collection of coins bought from his representatives by Charles IX, but stolen from Fontainebleau during the troubles of the League. He died in Paris, October 1565, and was buried under a sumptuous monument in the Abbey Church of St. Germain des Prés. By his wife Anne Brignonnet he left daughters only, but a natural son of his César Grollier was made one of the Latin Secretaries to Pope Clement

VII. The Marquis de Grollier is descended from Jean Grollier's uncle Antoine.

(*Pernetti "Les Lyonnais dignes de Mémoire," Le Roux de Lincy "Recherches sur Jean Grollier."*)

MADAME DU BARRY.

Marie-Jeanne Gomard Vaubernier was born at Vaucouleurs near the home of Joan of Arc about 1746 and was guillotined in Paris in December 1793. She was the natural daughter either of a monk or of a small official, and her mother Anne Bécu a seampstress, afterwards married a domestic servant. At an early age Jeanne came up to the capital under the name of Mdle de Lange, and was at first employed in a milliner's but soon drifted into a less reputable calling. She ultimately became an inmate of the household of the infamous Count Jean du Barry who at that time kept a public gambling-hell, and who, like herself ultimately perished on the revolutionary scaffold. Through Lebel the King's valet, Du Barry introduced his protégée to the notice of Louis XV, who at once became infatuated with her great beauty and high spirits. He had her married to Comte Guillaume du Barry (brother of Comte Jean) whose absence from the capital was purchased with a handsome pension, and she was presented at Court and formally installed as "maitresse en titre". April 22nd, 1769. After vainly attempting to disarm his hostility she procured the dismissal of the Duc de Choiseul in January 1771, and thenceforth became all powerful. Louis built her a magnificent bijou residence at Luciennes, and lavished enormous sums upon her, whilst she received huge presents from the Minister of Finance the Abbé Terray. On the whole she used her power, if not well, at least inoffensively. Louis XV died of small-pox May 10th 1774, and Madame du Barry was immediately banished from the neighbourhood of the capital, but was allowed to return in the following year through the intercession of Marie Antoinette. Thenceforth she lived quietly at Luciennes until the revolution. In 1792 she fled to England, but towards the end of the following year was foolish enough to return, despite the warnings of Pitt, in order to recover some of her diamonds which she had buried in the park at Luciennes. She was denounced by her negro ex-page Zamore, dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, and condemned to death for having "dissipated the treasures of the state, conspired against the republic, and worn mourning for the tyrant (Louis XVI) in London." She in vain endeavoured to defer her execution by pretending that she could make important revelations, and went to the scaffold shrieking for mercy amidst the jeers and insults of the mob. She

was not without some good qualities, and had been exceedingly generous to the French émigrés in London.

(Lacretelle "*Histoire de France pendant le dix huitième Siècle.*" "*Vie Privée de Louis XV*" by Moutte d'Angerville, Capefigue "*Madame la Comtesse du Barry*," Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, "*Les Maitresses de Louis XV*," and "*La Du Barry*," Gaboriau "*Cotillons Célèbres.*")

MICHEL COLOMB.

Of this eminent sculptor nothing further is known than that he was a native of the district of Léon in Brittany, and that he flourished in the first part of the sixteenth century. His masterpiece is the splendid monument of Francis II last Duke of Brittany and of his second wife Marguerite de Foix originally in the Carmelite Church at Nantes, but now in the Cathedral. It was erected to the memory of her parents by Queen Anne in her own right Duchess of Brittany and wife successively of Charles VIII and of Louis XII.

THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT.

Anne Joseph Terwagne (commonly called Théroigne de Méricourt) was born at the village of Marcourt in Luxemburg about 1760, and was educated at the Convent of Robermont. She was in Paris in 1789 living in handsome style in the rue de Tournon, assiduously attending the meetings of the National Assembly, and on terms of friendship with several of the popular leaders. She spoke at the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs, and frequently harangued the populace with great eloquence. Arrayed in a scarlet riding-habit, with pistols stuck in her belt, and a drawn sword in her hand, she appeared on horseback at the storming of the Bastille, and when the mob brought the Royal Family from Versailles to Paris. In 1790 she was again in Luxemburg, and afterwards in Liège where, early in the following year, she was arrested by the Austrians and imprisoned in the fortress of Kuffstein on suspicion of plotting the murder of Marie Antoinette. She was afterwards brought to Vienna, and interviewed by the Emperor Leopold, who ordered her release. Once more in Paris, she became an adversary of the Extremists, and having addressed the people in favour of the Girondists, she was seized by some of the more violent women, stripped of her clothes, and publicly flogged in the Tuilleries gardens. She lost her reason, and spent the remainder of her life in various asylums, dying in the Salpêtrière in 1817. Nothing authentic is known of her private history.

(Fuss "*Théroigne de Méricourt*," dite "*La Belle Liégeoise*," Georges Duval "*Souvenirs de la Terreur.*")

LAST SONNET OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

The original of this was the last piece of verse written by the author of "Rolla." While visiting a friend shortly before his death, he had chanced to be left alone for a short time. After his departure a scrap of paper with the sonnet written on it was found on the table.

ISOTTA.

ISOTTA was the daughter of Francesco degli Atti, a merchant of Rimini, and married as his third wife the terrible despot and condottiere Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta equally noted for his crimes and for his munificent patronage of art. Sigismondo was commonly believed to have poisoned his two former wives Ginivra d'Este, and Polissena Sforza, but he was devotedly attached to Isotta, and it was chiefly in her honour that he employed Leo Battista Alberti in building the famous Cathedral of Rimini. Sigismondo died at the age of fifty-one in 1468, and for a couple of years Isotta governed Rimini for her son Sallustio Malatesta, but at the end of that time her stepson Roberto the Magnificent took possession of the town. A few days afterwards Sallustio was found murdered and though Roberto affected great grief there is little doubt that he was the assassin. In the same year (1470) Isotta after lingering a long time ill of a mysterious malady, died likewise and was accorded a magnificent funeral.

(Yriarte "*Rimini Un Condottiere au XV me Siècle—Etudes sur les Lettres et les Arts à la Cour des Malatesta*," Mazzuchelli "*Notizie Intorno ad Isotta da Rimini*.")

BERNARDO TASSO.

Was born at Bergamo in 1493 of an ancient family one branch of which—still represented by the Princes of Thurn and Taxis—for many centuries had the management of the postal service in Spain, Italy, and Germany. He was educated by his uncle the Bishop of Recanati, and having adopted a military career attached himself to Guido Rangone Captain—General of the Army of the Church, next to Renée of France Duchess of Ferrara, and then to a great Neapolitan noble Ferrante de San Severino Prince of Salerno who made him his secretary. When Ferrante deserted the cause of Charles V for that of Francis I Bernardo followed him, and saw his property confiscated in consequence. Finally he entered the service of Guillermo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua who made him governor of Ostiglia. By Porzia de' Rossi, he had a daughter, and a son Torquato the immortal author of "*La Gierusalemme Liberata*."

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